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A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

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BY
MRS. BUTLER,
LATE FANNY KEMBLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

Easter Sunday.—I was not well, and missed the great climax of the holy ceremonies — the Pope's blessing of the people. From the terrace of the Villa Medici, I watched the sudden gleams and slow curling clouds from the cannons of the castle of St. Angelo, which proclaimed the universal benediction. To be blessed by sound of cannon, seemed to me strange, especially by Christ's Vicar, and in Christ's name ; but to be blessed, at any rate, is something, and that the city and the world have been by word of Pope this day. In the evening we drove to St. Peter's, to see the illumination, the stream of human life setting in from every avenue,

and street, and alley, and gathering as it rolled towards one common point, the multitudinous voices of all these living rills, as they poured down beside our carriage,—the flaring lights of the windows, which were filled with people, whose bodies were all eagerly stretched towards the quarter of St. Peter's, and whose faces, as we drew nearer the great illumination, were shining as with the light of day ; all presented a most curious and exciting spectacle. At length we reached the end of the street of the Borgo di San Spirito, and debouched together with the crowds of pedestrians abreast of us in the great place of St. Peter's ; the vast and noble church, and graceful colonnades, with their outline defined in pale white fire ; the springing spray of the beautiful fountains turned into showers of yellow light ; the huge mass of compact blackness formed by the thousands of spectators ; the confused jarring and rattling and hurtling of the crowded carriages ; the rearing and backing of the horses ; the outcries and violent move-

ments of the mounted police, whose drawn sabres and accoutrements glittered in the pervading light ; above all, the sea of upturned wondering human faces all flooded with it, and the hoarse murmur, like the great voice of the ocean, rising from this mass of people, that rolled its black billows to and fro, as the sudden breaking of some carriage from the ranks, or darting forward of some trooper to intercept it, caused them to recede or advance, was all indescribably strange and striking. We sat for some time gazing with undiminished wonder and admiration, when the great bell of St. Peter's tolled the hour. Suddenly the cornices, the friezes, the pediment, the dome, the lanthorn, the very ball and cross, high up in the dizzy neighbourhood of the stars, became alive with human figures ; men, reduced by their fearful height above us to the size of black pigmies, ran like so many glow-worms, each carrying a light all over the huge fabric, and the hitherto pale illumination became fiery-red in the twinkling of an eye—it was marvellous!

Five hundred men are thus employed twice every year, Easter-day and on the Feast of St. Peter's ; for three days previous they are not permitted to touch wine, and they all confess and receive absolution before ascending to their perilous task. After blunting the edge of our amazement with gazing,—to have exhausted it would have been impossible—we turned homewards. Our carriage rolled slowly, or rather waded, through the crowded streets at a foot-pace, and when we came to the Ponte Sisto we beheld another illumination, which turned the pageant we had just seen into a splendid tawdry toy. The full moon hung above the river in a sea of mellow light, indescribably soft and powerful ; the purple line of the Alban hills was distinctly visible against the pearly horizon, while the roses in the gardens, near the bridge, showed their colours as though by day, so potent was the moonlight,—with us, so wan and colourless. Opposite this great and lovely glory, St. Peter's flamed in the distance like a huge gold filigree

thimble. The pageant vouchsafed to us nightly is a fine thing ; it is well to see it confronting the yearly pageant of the great church of Rome, to be reminded how fine,—what an insensible, brutish, dull, irreverend thing is custom. Coming home we found a perfect opera congregation of carriages on the Pincio, a sort of Haymarket and King Street row. The view of St. Peter's is very fine from here, and many people had driven up to enjoy it. I went to my stand on the terrace of our charming little garden, and here looked up at the moon and down at St. Peter's, till the rolling wheels had all rattled away, and the shuffling feet all departed, and the sound of the fountain in the Piazza di Spagna came up to answer the tiny tinkle of the fountain in the garden, whose roses and orange blossoms and thousand cups of incense were sending up fragrance into the night air like prayer.

IMPROMPTU.

Sorrow and sin, and suffering and strife,
 Have been cast in the waters of my life ;
 And they have sunk deep down to the well-head,
 And all that flows thence is embittered.
 Yet still the fountain up towards Heaven springs,
 And still the brook where'er it wanders sings ;
 And still where'er it hath found leave to rest,
 The blessed sun looks down into its breast ;
 And it reflects, as in a mirror fair,
 The image of all beauty shining there.

April 19th.—In my walk before breakfast,
 this morning, I penetrated to the Roman fish-
 market, whither I advise no one else to pene-
 trate who is not curious in foul sights and smells.
 I think it is the only open space that I have yet
 seen in Rome without a fountain. As for the
 fish itself, except a few monstrous and vicious-

looking conger eels, I saw none. A row of little mean stalls, most of which, however, were shut up, entitled the place, I presume, to its appellation; but the only fish I saw for sale, were heaps of little scaly nondescripts, lying in uncleanly flat baskets, bought by filthy purchasers of filthy venders, and, thinking upon Hungerford Market and Mr. Grove's, I made my escape. Rome is certainly not famous for fish, although they have some that are not despicable—sardines of excellent flavour, very good mullet, and a species of fish of which I do not know the English name (indeed I do not think we have it), but which resembles very much the shad of the North American waters, and is a very good creature. ——— dined with us. We had some talk about the state of politics here, as it affects personal freedom, liberty of discussion, and so forth, and his account was less favourable than that of ———, of the condition of the Romans in this respect. To be sure the latter compares Rome with the Austrian Italian governments,

and I suppose the service of the Pope is really perfect freedom compared with that of the Emperor. At dinner we had some interesting talk about art and phrenology. ——— still remains a believer in the latter; ——— is absolutely sceptical (as I think he is in most matters); and I (as I do in most matters), remain suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between belief and incredulity: mention being made of the fine skull which was found some years ago in Rome, and supposed for a time to be Raphael's, and upon a cast from which, as Raphael's, I remember ——— gave me a long lecture, illustrative of the truths of phrenology; it now appears that the skull is not Raphael's, but that of his intimate friend, the learned, amiable, and accomplished ———, founder of the Academy of St. Luke. After dinner, we proceeded to the Vatican to see the statues by torch-light; I had not yet seen them by any light, and felt a sort of nervous trepidation at the great pleasure I anticipated. Arrived under the colonnade of St.

Peter's, we sat down on one of the benches appropriated to the Swiss guard, to wait for the rest of our party. The middle-age dress of these soldiers delights me, and has a double charm of association for me—that of the days of the battle of the Spurs, and of the noble encounters of the Swiss with the French armies under Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First ; and it also recalls a charming edition of some military work of Vauban's in my father's library, full of incomprehensible tactics and coarse wood cuts, with squares, and rounds, and octagons, and pentagons, and every conceivable figure made of little halibardiers in this very dress ; and endless plans of fortifications, manned in every direction with this identical cut of doublet and trunk-hose. By degrees ——— and her daughters ———, and a couple of French ladies, friends of ———, joined us ; one of the latter was introduced as a stranger to my sister, and made conversation with her till our party was complete in a *voix glapissante*, and with an accent

criard such as I thought no woman of good society in France could be guilty of; the presence of this lady was, I presume, the inevitable earthly alloy to the delight of seeing the statues of the Vatican for the first time: those that principally charmed me, were a noble Minerva, who was extremely like ———, and it is curious enough that all the antique heads of Minerva are more or less like her; there is the same fineness of features and sternness of expression; the moral suitability of the resemblance pleases me amazingly; the beautiful little head of Augustus, which is beautiful in itself, beautiful as art, and exceedingly like Napoleon; the Mercury called Antinous, which however I do not admire as much as that of the Capitol; the sleeping Ariadne; the Eros, or as they now call it, the Genius of the Vatican, that exquisitely ideal head; the brother of my Goddess, the Neapolitan Psyche; and last the Apollo;—as for this, from the moment I set my feet in the Vatican I was possessed with a sort of nervous terror lest I

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should be utterly disappointed in it ; this feeling increased with every chamber I entered, to such a degree as to cause me to feel absolutely sick with excitement ; I feared to look round each new room lest I should confront this great divinity, and remain unmoved ; each time I experienced a sense of absolute relief when I found we had not yet reached that shrine, and I believe if it had been proposed to me to leave the Vatican without seeing the Apollo at all I should have been well pleased to have done so ; and yet for all future time I shall know better. All that has been written, all that has been said, all that has been copied in drawing, painting, or sculpture of this wonderful statue, has left the marvel of its beauty unimpaired ; no foreknowledge can prepare one for it, nor any description give one an idea of its grace and lightness, nor any number of ecstasies rub off the bloom of its divinity. I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it ; for myself, my eyes swam in tears and my knees knocked together,

and I could hardly draw my breath while I stood before it; the guides held up torches to show the light through the marble drapery, while I was dazzled with the light shining through the marble face;—and the French lady emitted opinions in a voice as sharp as needle-points. Heaven! what a witness to the glory of the human soul is such a conception as this! Man's thought devised, man's fingers wrought this God! This perfect creation had its origin in the yet fairer idea of a man's brain, for who yet ever worked as he imagined! There was a lovelier and a grander shape in the mind of him who made this, than even this, that he has made! Oh, well, well may we thank the only true God for being formed capable of such things. I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life—angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly, and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a

very messenger of my God bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it !

Sunday, 20th April.—Seduced by a sweet-sounding name, Campo dè Fiori, I set out before breakfast to seek, as I supposed, a flower-market. I found an open square, with certainly one very fine geranium, covered with jets of flame-coloured flowers, blooming over a sort of cobbler's stall; the rest of the square was filled with dirty shops, dirty people, dirty smells, and nothing else. I perceived in passing through the streets, that the marketing, usually done with us on Saturday evening among the lower classes, was being busily carried forward to-day among the same order in Rome. The abundance of capital, fine, fresh vegetables in Rome is a source of great satisfaction to me; I do not mean to my taste merely, but to my eyes, and above all, my humanity. These beneficent products of the earth exist here in a plenteousness and variety quite unknown to our poor English. The supply of the midland States of America is very much the same; there

appears to be no special market for vegetables here, like Covent-garden with us, but what we should call the green-grocers' shops, present a beautiful array of clean and fresh-looking vegetables ; and abounding, unforced, and above all, not paid for at the price of gold, the bounteous season has already produced here strawberries, and new potatoes, cheap enough for the use of all classes, not to be looked at and longed for, by those who fast, and feasted on by those who surfeit.

Among the vegetables which load the stalls at the street corners, I perceive one here with which I am unacquainted ; it is the root of the fennel, whose green delicate foliage is for some reason inseparably associated in one's stomach, and therefore one's mind, with boiled mackerel. We had some at dinner the other day ; it was stewed like celery, and was not otherwise than very good. The stalls, where the frying of fish is carried on in the streets, amuse me excessively. The whole process has, strange to say, a cleanly and inviting appearance, and the groups occupied

in cooking and in eating at these booths, with their green bowers of branches, and coloured paper lamps, would make most capital and spirited sketches if they could be faithfully copied. In a country where fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap, I know nothing prettier, or more pleasant than the sight of a fine market; the beautiful colours, graceful forms, and sweet smells are most agreeable; and the beneficence that provides this plenty is naturally suggested to a thankful mind, where there does not exist, as with us, such a cruel disparity in the means of the purchasers. The market in Philadelphia is one of the cheapest and most abundant I have ever seen, and I know few more satisfactory sights than that which it presents at Midsummer, with its great baskets of precious-looking tomatoes; piles of Indian corn, like strings of Roman pearl; heaps of the finest purple polished egg plant; huge water melons, cut to show the firmness and freshness of their quality, with that beautiful combination of colours, the dark-green rind, the

rosy pulp, and shining jet-black seeds; and then the mountains of downy peaches, of every conceivable tint, from a sort of purple pink, to a warm gold colour; these interspersed with huge fan-like nosegays of dahlias, bunches of jasmine, and heavy-leaved magnolia, and fragrant tuberoses, have often caused me mentally to exclaim:—"Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness!" It is very pleasant to live in a country where there is great abundance, and little poverty, though the one does not by any means make the other, and that this fertile land of Italy testifies, where in the midst of their olive and vineyards, and golden harvests, and smiling orchards, the people go ragged, and squalid, and miserable-looking—working, and begging too—a most degraded race, whose lovely country seems accursed because of men; to those who have lived where humanity is nobler, though nature is less rich—an admirable sample of the fact that prosperity is a moral and not a physical growth. A less agreeable, but

very necessary article of consumption attracted my attention this morning. The butchers' shops were full of people, and the price of lamb, which they were selling at four bajocchi (2*d.*) a pound, made me think of our people's food in London, and of some of those agreeable details of ways and means suggested by the ingenuity of charity (?) such as one sees in poor-house reports, and the accounts of committees for the relief of the starving, and finds occasionally in the speeches of gentlemen and noblemen anxious to exert themselves, and devise help for that awful innumerable host of unhelpables—the poor of the wealthiest nation in the world. In the course of my walk this morning I met the procession of the Host twice. I was at a loss to account for its being each time preceded by men dressed in servants' liveries of the richest description. I thought there must be a noble epidemic afoot; but upon inquiring, found that these men whom I had supposed servants of great houses, were merely hired and dressed in that manner

for the occasion—I had begun to fear there was a mortality among the Cardinals. The extreme devotion of the people in the street struck me very much, all kneeling down in the mud upon the passage of the Holy Sacrament, and those at a considerable distance up other streets, merely because it was in sight, remaining uncovered and bowed in an attitude of reverence and devotion. I ended my morning's expedition by going into the church of the Trinità dei Monti—the only church in Rome where female voices are to be heard chanting the religious services. It belongs, together with the adjoining convent, to the French nuns of the *Sacré Cœur*; it is charming to hear the fresh, shrill, sweet tones of the young girls who are being educated here, rising to the church roof—the songstress invisible the while,—imagination left to match the voice of the young worshipper with such a form and face as may best seem to belong to it. I was very much struck with the serene and winning countenance of one of the nuns, from whom I

obtained a chair ; it was a living argument in favour of a nunnery life, that is to say, if it had anything to do with any peculiar form of life, and not rather with that which is the only wholesome spirit of all life. They have a fine picture of the Descent from the Cross in this church, and while looking round, I found my feet were on the funeral tablet of Claude Lorraine.

I went this morning before breakfast to the pavilion of the Rospigliosi Palace, to see Guido's *Aurora*. It is a picture for which, from dear and pleasant association with a fine engraving of it that hangs in a room of a house that I love, I have an especial affection, and the consequence was, that it took me some time to recover from the dislocation of neck occasioned by the long devotion of my regards to it. The whole collection of pictures is contained in three rooms, and among many performances ascribed to great names, I was particularly struck with the heads of the twelve Apostles by Rubens, and a picture which, though said to be by Giorgione, seemed

more like a production of the Flemish School, by the want of grace and dignity in the figures and faces ; in spite of which it seized upon my attention, and rivetted me and delighted me extremely. The colouring was very rich and fine, and there was an intense expression in the attitude and look of the two people, a man and woman sitting beside each other, with their hands joined, that made a very strong impression upon me. To me it was a very good picture ; but I know nothing whatever of art. After leaving the gallery I loitered in the garden while the gardener collected a nosegay for me ; and certainly if Heaven could come to one through one's eyes and nose, I might have imagined myself there during that half hour. The fine mass of the Rospigliosi Palace rose up against the brilliant blue sky ; the little terrace-garden, lifted high up, as though to meet the sun, basked in the vivid light and potent warmth of its rays ; fountains, some springing up like jets of moonlight, under cool,

black, sheltering arches ; others pouring out a whole gush of diamonds into a large basin glittering in the sunshine, made delicious conversation to each other ; and while I walked to and fro, screened from the intense heat by the broad, dark, polished leaves of a covered walk of lemon-trees, whose fruit and flowers hung above my head and perfumed the air, whiffs of warm fragrance were wafted to me from low beds of mignonette and bushes literally bending under their freight of delicate pink and and straw-coloured tea-roses. Such exquisite sensual enjoyment can neither be described nor imagined, nor, I think, out of Italy, enjoyed ; for, joined to all this, the vision of the beautiful works of art I had just seen, filled my fancy, and I really admired at the combination of pleasure comprised in one short hour in this pre-eminent home of all beautiful things. This was the morning. In the afternoon we drove to the Farnesina to see the room where Raphael's friend and patron feasted the Pope when

the great painter had finished adorning it with his immortal frescoes. I was already of course familiar with those through engravings, and also some copies of them I remember delighting in at Bowood. They are not susceptible of description further than as the guide-books describe them. I believe upon the whole they gave me more pleasure than any work of Raphael I have seen,—always excepting the *Suonatore*. From the empty and deserted banquetting-hall, from whose walls this glorious work still seems to shed down splendour and gaiety, we went to see the *Galatea*, in a room still more bare, forlorn, and desolate-looking ; surrounded with dusty artist's scaffoldings, and what was far worse, with glaring impudent copies, we contrived to see the beautiful creation, whose elegant forms and light lovely composition, preserved in Morghen's engravings, is also one of the earliest impressions of art, of my youth. It is really piteous to see these exquisite things so surrounded with deso-

lation and apparent neglect. The palace belongs to the Neapolitan government ; it really seems as though some decent care of repairs and preservation was due to the shrine containing these treasures ; but the whole place, inside and out, with its dilapidated, empty, dusty, resounding chambers, and its rough orchard of fruit trees and artichokes, is the very pattern of a noble forsaken house. What a pity that these divinities must needs stay here !

My friend —— has given me a charming little Sicilian song, of which the following is a free translation. The pathetic and graceful idea is, however, a thousand times more appropriately clothed in the soft dialect from which I have transferred it :—

I planted in my heart one seed of love,

Water'd with tears, and watch'd with sleepless
care ;

It grew—and when I look'd that it should prove

A gracious tree, and blessed harvests bear,

Blossom nor fruit was there to crown my pain,
Tears, cares, and labour, all had been in vain ;
And yet I dare not pluck it from my heart,
Lest with the deep-struck root my life depart.

April 30th.—To-day was holden the annual celebration of the artists' *fête* at Cervara, about ten miles from Rome. Not feeling ourselves equal to the fatigue of the whole day, we determined to go out early in the morning, and see their muster at Torre de Schiavi ; and then returning to Rome during the heat of the day, drive out again towards evening to their final place of assembly at Cervara. We started, therefore at seven, and found the roads already alive with early masqueraders, proceeding to the place of rendezvous, some on foot and some on asses, and some on sorry hacks, and some on showy horses, caparisoned according to the costume of their riders, and apparently to the full as pleased with their finery. The trees were all in blossom and in fragrance, and as we drove along between

the envious stone walls of the suburban villas, blooming bushes of white and crimson stocks, and delicate China roses, peeped over the terrace walls, like boarding-school beauties, at us ; green pendent tresses of the golden willow drooped over the enclosures, and every now and then a noble iron gate, set in massive stone pillars, gave us glimpses into the paradise of dark evergreens and long walks, between walls of roses, which they defended ; along the road-side the acacia swung a thousand silver censers in the morning air, and the whole aspect of Nature was that of a brilliant spring holiday in the garden of the world. Group after group passed us of grotesque and ludicrous figures, singing, laughing, jesting, and all hurrying forward to the meeting ground. Not one was so sober or so poor but his hat had its flower or its bunch of feathers, his waist its bright-coloured scarf, and his arm its gay ribbon badge ; some were accoutred *point de vice* in brilliant middle-age or eastern costume ; and in a narrow lane we came upon a Sicilian noble of

the sixteenth century, whose crimson velvet tunic and cap, with their border of ermine and snow-white plume, presented really a most elegant and tasteful picture, especially as the wearer was handsome and young ; a little further on the triumphal chariot of the great ruler of the feast (Mr. ———) passed us, slowly wending its way to the Tor de Schiavi ; the gilt and garlanded wheels and sides sufficiently disguised the rather rude form of the vehicle, which was drawn by two splendid silver-grey oxen, from whose vast foreheads and wide-spread horns, great bunches and wreaths of roses hung heavily, as they solemnly proceeded along the road. Arrived at the open space at the Tor de Schiavi, the spectacle was really a most singular one. Hundreds of artists, all in various eccentric and picturesque dresses, scoured about the campagna or mustered gradually in bands, whose badges and banners belonged to their several nations. Carriages, in crowds, were drawn up round the picturesque ruin. A long line of dust, through which flashed

every now and then the harness and wheels of other vehicles, or the brilliant colours of some belated masquerader, marked the way back to Rome. Donkeys brayed, horses neighed, human beings laughed loud and merrily ; Cossacks, Turks, Albanians, Knights of the Middle Ages, Generals in powder and pig-tails, and gens d'armes, with paper helmets and wooden swords, pranced here and there between the carriages ; the golden morning light touched the whole world with glory ; the grand and melancholy campagna spread itself all around, and the purple line of the Alban and Sabine hills framed in the splendid view and singular daylight masquerade. The concourse of artists had hardly ranged themselves, each about their national banner, and a species of disorderly order, such as is most common among volunteers, been obtained, when the great chief of the celebration and master of the revels, Mr. ———, the head of the German school of artists at Rome, appeared in full costume of Henri

Quatre mounted on his triumphal car. His arrival was hailed with universal applause ; and a speech which he made, and of which we were too far off to hear anything but the sound, appeared by the bursts of laughter and the acclamations which interrupted it, to give very universal satisfaction. The next move was an adjournment of a certain number of the artists to the Tor de Schiavi. Climbing the ruined wall, they congregated beneath the remaining vault of the building, and here sang a very vehement and apparently satisfactory concert, in the burden of which an accompaniment *ad libitum* of sticks, and drums, and innumerable human voices, utterly incapable of a tune, joined with most exemplary zeal. Something of the freedom of the Carnival appeared to prevail during this singular celebration ; for we were bowed to more than once by persons whom we did not know ; and while making my way through the rather tremendous crowd of carriages and horses to the scene of the

chorus singing, a German, whose horse we had been admiring very much as it stood beside our carriage, very good-naturedly made way for me, and led me to a good place for seeing and hearing. The words were composed for the occasion by Mr. ———, and were quite as good as the occasion required ; the music was a popular theme from some modern Italian opera. I regretted this, and asked my companion why they did not sing some of the beautiful Volkslied of his own country. He said, because in these the French and Italian artists could not join, and what they wanted to obtain was unanimity rather than beauty in the performance. When it was concluded the whole motley army defiled out of the ruin and off the ground, and taking the road, escorted by most of the carriages and infinite amateurs on horseback, proceeded to Cervara, while we wended our way back to Rome. On our way to town ———, who is extremely lively and entertaining, told us the following anecdote of Madame ———, which

very nearly killed me with laughing. It seems that she has enjoyed a prolonged youth, unknown to all but goddesses and ambassadors ; dressing herself with juvenile simplicity and airiness, being made love to with juvenile ardour, and dancing with juvenile industry and application, till hard upon the age of seventy. After a ball, at which it is to be supposed she had been unwontedly artless, amorous, and active, she had a very severe indisposition, and the great Roman physician —— was sent for. In the room adjoining the lady's bed-chamber, he was met by the young M. de ——, her devoted and afflicted lover, who, with eyes suffused with tears, and a frame agitated with the most anxious apprehension, led him to the bed-side of the interesting invalid. Summoning at once her remaining strength and charms, she raised herself languidly :—" Ah, M. le Docteur, je suis bien mal, mais ce ne sera rien, n'est-ce pas ? Le fait est, que j'ai trop dansé au bal hier soir ; mais cela se passera." " Madame !" interrogated

the worthy doctor, at a loss to reconcile the testimony of his eyes and his ears:—"Eh oui, mon Dieu, c'est cela, j'ai trop dansé à ce bal hier au soir—voilà tout." "Ah, mon Dieu !" cried the doctor, turning to the lover ; "Prenez bien garde à Madame votre mère, M. —, car elle perd la tête ; elle déraisonne ; elle aura de la fièvre, sans doute du délire." The indignant beauty's pillow at his head interrupted the unfortunate doctor, who was thenceforth ignominiously dismissed, as utterly ignorant of the manners of decent society, the relations of polite life, or the long juvenility of ambassadors.

In the afternoon, we returned again to the fête, and this time proceeded the whole way to Cervara, where the artists, having dined in the large curious tufo caves that there open themselves in the middle of the campagna, like great holes in its volcanic crust, were finishing the afternoon in a variety of games, rather riotous than classical. The whole scene reminded me excessively of a race-ground in England ; the carriages laden

with spectators, chiefly ladies, the horses taken out, and picketted on the outskirts of the crowd. The most beautiful part of that species of show, however, was wanting—the noble horses and capital riding of the gentlemen spectators. The Cervara worthies had had mystical celebrations in the caverns, apparitions of the ancient Sybil, and prognostications of future destinies; honours and badges, too, had been delivered to various members of the fraternity, and when we arrived, foot races, donkey races, and horse races, were toward. There was more merriment than merit of any sort in these performances; the assembly was not the most orderly in the world, and the demeanour of some of the parties very clearly indicated that it was after dinner with them. Among the other pastimes, a large caricature was brought forward, intended to represent the spirit of hostile criticism in general, but which, to the initiated, bore, moreover, considerable resemblance to a certain well-known German essayist, whose strictures upon the art and

artists of the present day have not, it seems, made him popular among the latter. This very odious portrait, with its owl's nose and eyes, and hand like a claw, clutching the critic's dagger—the goose quill—was set up at one end of the ground, and the artists exercised themselves in throwing small light pointed reeds, with little rose-coloured flags attached to them, at it; every blow that hit the nose, eyes, or much offending hand, was hailed with rapture; and when the obnoxious image resembled nothing but a very much abused colander, a general rush was made at it, and it was battered to pieces and trampled under foot with yells of detestation and vengeance, such as could only become savages, or artists who had been severely criticised.

Our drive back to Rome was extremely disagreeable; many were returning to the city, like ourselves; still more were on their way out to Cervara; a double file of vehicles of every description encumbered the road; we were compelled to go at a foot pace; the heat of the

sun was fearful ; the clouds of dust all but intolerable ; and, having turned our back upon the whole masquerade, nothing broke the very unpleasant monotony of this slow, hot, suffocating progress, except when every now and then a Saracen would scour by us over the plain, or a Knight of the Middle Ages halt above the dusty defile we were engaged in—recalling the festivity of Cervara, and suggesting the romantic recollections of the times they represented. I was a little surprised at the appearance of young —— and Mr. de —— on the ground, the one in the dress of a Hungarian peasant, the other in a correct and beautiful French costume of the thirteenth century—black velvet and crimson, with trappings and housings for his horse to match. That the artists, joining all together to keep up this annual celebration, which, doubtless, has many pleasant and wholesome uses in the sympathies and spirit of artistical brotherhood it engenders and preserves, should go out in these quaint dresses, and divert themselves

and others by so doing, seems not at all amiss ; but that young gentlemen, having no pretensions to the distinction of being artists, should, simply for the sake of exhibiting themselves and their dresses, do the same, seems to me singular. My heart really bled for the beautiful ball-room costume of Mr. de ———, dragging about under the heat, and through the dust of such an expedition.

This morning I walked before breakfast to Trajan's Forum, and ascended the pillar. The view of Rome itself, and the surrounding country, is not finer than that obtained from many other heights ; but the whole of the Coliseum is seen from this particular point to very grand advantage. I then went into the church of Santa Maria de Loreto, where I remarked what had already struck me so extremely in several of the churches, a notice put up to the effect, that whoever was buried in that church, might, through the agency of certain masses, deliver their souls from so many years of purgatory. There is

something in these particular exhibitions of Catholicism that invariably suggests to me the idea of the necessary and inevitable knavery of those who are at the head of such a spiritual machinery ; to be sure Gregory the Great invented purgatory, and perhaps, that being the case, his heirs have a right to dispose of it. Such propositions, however, do not cease to amaze me. How much that is excellent must there have been and still be ! how much of the immortal vitality of true Christianity, in the religion which survives this overlaying mass of absurdity, superstition, and disbelief ! I feel in Rome like nothing but Boccaccio's Jew. Returning home, I called at the shoemaker's about some boots I had ordered, and which were not finished at the appointed time—now, considerably after the time, they were finished, and produced ; a pair of black, double-soled, thick, heavy, half-leather, stuff boots. I had myself given the order for a pair of light-coloured holland ones, with mere toes of patent leather, and the thinnest soles that

could be made. The shopman shrugged his shoulders, smiled, said it was a mistake, and would I take the ones I did not want, and wait till such as I did want could be made. I walked out of the shop, and did neither. English people are the only honest tradespeople that I am acquainted with, and I say it advisedly ; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade ; at any rate in matters of female traffic, among the shopkeepers here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers, but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence are taxed by these worthy industrials without conscience or compassion. Every article pur-

chased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very nearly double its value ; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as it is disgusting. In Nataletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady-purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James, Harding's, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman ; it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable ; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face

within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife ; I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted, which I am afraid is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify that they did not cheat, lie, or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech : “ *Madame, nous avons adopté la manière anglaise ; nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaisons pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix,*” so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly. It pleases me greatly, and it is true, for in France too they have abandoned the abominable system of prices for the English ; and it delights me to think that integrity, justice, truth, cleanliness, and comfort follow in the footsteps of my own people wherever their wandering spirit leads them through the world. It is very fit and just that they should bring such compensations to

the foreign people, among whom they so often introduce, also, habits of luxury, of ostentation, and that basest habit of bartering for money the common courtesies and amenities of life, the civilities and the serviceableness which are priceless, which the continental people have, and our own have not, and which we should have learnt to imitate rather than taught them to sell. I may as well mention here, that I have found Nataletti's shop the best in Rome in every respect. In one morning's shopping, the other day, we had two or three curious instances of the shopkeeping morality here: going into Gagiati's, in the Corso, the great omnium gatherum, or, as the Americans would call it, variety store, they first attempted to cheat my sister upon the change due to her for some gold she gave them; I was looking at some fans which were being shown to an Italian purchaser, at the same time; I had taken up one which the shopman told me was worth eighteen scudi; the Roman buyer took up another which had been

shown me at the same price, and with sundry "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" at the shopkeeper, said in an under tone, "Dunque quindici?" the latter nodded, returning the significant pantomime, and adding "Eh! capite." I capited too, and, perceiving that I was attentively observing what was going on, the salesman took the fan I had in my hand, and without my uttering a syllable said, "Ebbene, Signora, seidici scudi;" "but," said I, "a moment ago you told me the price was eighteen. "Oh!" exclaimed he, with the most dauntless impudence, "se piace a lei di pagar dieci otto va bene è padrona." I was so utterly disgusted that I laid the commodity down without another word. Further on we bought some tin pails and water buckets for our bed-rooms in the country. At one shop I was made to pay nearly three scudi for that which my sister purchased immediately after for a scudo and a half a little distance further on, and she no doubt paid, as an Englishwoman, much more than the goods were worth.

We then proceeded to a perfumer's for some hair pomatum—we had already purchased the same thing repeatedly at the same place. On this occasion, however, we were charged an additional paul upon each small article, and upon remonstrating, and stating that we had repeatedly bought the same thing at the same place, and always paid such a sum for it, the shopman replied, "Yes, that was true, but now they had altered the price"—a sort of *ad-libitum* mode of dealing which may be pleasant and mournful to the souls of the vendors, but is mournful alone to those who buy. Of truth and its inviolable sacredness the Italians generally seem to have as little perception as the French, and dishonesty and falsehood are so little matters of shame, that detection in either of them only excites a shrug and a grin on the part of the offender. The watering-place sort of character of Rome—which in the winter swarms with foreigners, and in summer is utterly deserted by them—makes of course the trade of certain shopkeepers a mere

matter of temporary speculation. During the Roman season they therefore make all the money they can, because when that is over they make little or none. This is always unfavourable to steady and honest dealing, and the innate indolence of the people, and little competition, compelling foreigners to put up with inferior goods and superior prices, or go altogether without what they want, leave but a remote hope of improvement in these respects. Nor have we found what Lafontaine calls "*l'innocence des champs*" one whit behind the craft of the city in these matters—let the object of treaty be what it will, purchase or employment, the same desperate and universal want of honesty prevails in the country as in town; the same audacious and incessant endeavour to cheat and defraud; and the same facetious admission of the fact whenever it is charged home to them. It matters not how explicit you have been in making the terms of your agreement or bargain; how distinctly the conditions have been laid down;

how absolutely embraced, how just, or how generous they may have been,—whenever the moment of payment arrives, more is invariably claimed than is due by the stipulations. Misunderstandings are pleaded, misrepresentations made, misstatements given ; no effort of ingenuity is left unattempted to depart from and evade the bargain they have themselves made. If all this fails, and that lying, cheating, cajolery, and endless floods of furious words avail nothing, they then instantly assume the deportment of the most abject beggary, and hold out their hands for more in the shape of a gift, a charity, an alms, without shame or hesitation. I do not know anything that fills one with a more painful sense of human degradation than the utter and deplorable want of self-respect these people exhibit. The beggary in Rome is incessant, and sometimes most insolent ; and the swarm of importunate objects, from the mere torso, who, armless and legless, nevertheless pursue you like Briareus or a centipede, to the authorised vagabonds, who

come and show you their medal,—the permit given by the police authorities, and licensing their preying on the public,—embitter one's daily walks there till one becomes callous to them. Still, beggary is a usual inhabitant of cities, and the mendicant life in Rome is for the most part chosen deliberately, like any other trade or profession, and exercised rather as a luxury than otherwise, it being well understood that those who beg do not work ; but in the country, those who work, and work hard, beg too. No labourer passes you on the road with his scythe and water-barrel, without entreating your charity ; and from the light-hearted groups, who sing at the vine-dressing, one universal whine of "*Dammi qualche cosa*" rises as one goes by. Their wages are very small ; the men earn twenty *bajocchi*—ten-pence—a day ; the women not more than half that sum. Perhaps a man can hardly be expected to value himself very highly whom others rate so low ; but it is a

comfort to think that food is abundant and cheap, and that cover and shelter, whether of roof or of clothes, may be in a great measure dispensed with under this benignant sky. I cannot say that I have been very favourably impressed with the honesty of the Italians, in any capacity whatever ; indolence and recklessness, if not absolute dishonesty, appear to pervade all walks of business, as well public as private. Our letters from Frascati, if paid, and they must be so to go at all, are pretty sure not to go at all ; and my sister, having lately sent her watch to have a glass put into it, the watchmaker departed with it to Rome, and there kept it, refusing to give it up, and either pawning it or otherwise making it subservient to his own uses ; the Governor or Mayor of Frascati being applied to upon the subject by the servant who had himself given my sister's watch into this man's charge, said he would attend to the business, and even professed to write immediately to the Chief of Police at

Rome about it ; but it was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and Mr. ——— himself waited upon him, that he really did do any thing about the matter. A different species of honesty, but one that, nevertheless, is most deeply influential upon national morality and prosperity, is involved in the answer made to an observation of mine, by a lady who has now lived here for several years, and had abundant opportunities of observation. I complained, that in the apartment we had taken for the summer at Frascati, our rooms were in one respect very uncomfortable, for that our ladies' maids were all shut up within our rooms, and were constrained to pass through them to get to the offices or out of doors. "Oh," said Miss ———, "that would just suit the Italians, and they would consider it quite a recommendation, for they always lock up their women servants at night, and all the windows of their rooms are barred and barricaded." The Italian theory about women is, that they are not to be trusted

on any one occasion. A friend of mine, walking in the streets of Milan, followed by her two young nieces, was known, by the fact of her not making the young ladies walk before her, so that she could see them, not to be an Italian. And a Roman, speaking of English wives, said : “ Well, let them do what they will, and have what faults they will, and plague their husbands as they will, at least they are faithful.” The commendation, however less generally deserved than the worthy man may have supposed, was still, doubtless, by comparison, tolerably just. Another instance of petty dishonesty has just occurred to me, which I will mention in conclusion of this disagreeable part of my observations : a man, bringing me this morning change for a gold piece of ten scudi, kept back two pauls, taking it for granted, perhaps, that I should not count my returns. On finding the deficit, I spoke to him about it, and proceeded to demonstrate it by counting the money before him. This time, however, it appeared that he had

brought me, instead of too little, too much ; and a good deal perplexed at finding that, instead of two pauls minus, I had more than a scudo over the right change. I was proceeding to put this surplus into the man's hands, who had stood watching me, and acquiesced entirely in this new view of the transaction, when suddenly I became aware, that in reckoning it over again, he had permitted me to count three paul pieces for five paul pieces, and was very quietly proceeding to pocket this result of my ignorance of the smaller silver coins. Aware of my mistake, I asked him how he could stand by and permit me to defraud myself so ; he laughed, and shrugged, and said, " You counted it yourself." Of such experiences one day in Italy is full, and not all the glory of the past can atone to me for the present shame of the people, nor all the loveliness of external things make up for the ugliness of human souls without truth or honour ; women without chastity, and men without integrity, and a whole country without religion, make

a poor residence, in my humble judgment, unless one could be turned into eyes, and all one's perceptions be limited to the faculty of seeing the divine beauty which all this baseness mars.

I walked out this morning,—passed that beautiful fountain of Trevi, which I contrive to take in or out of my way every day for the love I bear it, it is so wonderfully beautiful; the images of the Virgin at the corners of the streets please me, not that they are by any means lovely in themselves, but there is something in the constant repetition of this type of the purest earthly love that touches those who are unhardened by use to it; sometimes these medallion pictures or bas-reliefs have rather ambitious addresses inscribed beneath them, such as the one at the Palazzo Muti; sometimes a short and touching ejaculation, like the “*Maria rifugio dei tribulati, ora pro nobis!*” under the quaint little effigy of the Holy Mother which hangs upon the ruined wall of the picturesque bridge over the Anio, on the Via Nomentana; sometimes nothing but a poor

little bunch of flowers, such as the nosegay of sweet-williams I stopped to look at this morning, piously stuck beneath the gracious image,—a poor offering, that may nevertheless have brought rich blessings to the donor. Walking early in the morning through Rome, I find the streets encumbered by numerous flocks of goats, directed the way they should go by a peculiarly shrill whistle of their driver, and stopping before almost every house to leave a supply of milk, which seems infinitely more generally used than that of cows, at least among the Italians themselves. I passed this morning through the forum, that place for meditation where, having once arrived, it almost seems impossible to go beyond it ; I did, however, having but a shallow and easily exhausted fund of reflections. I walked along the Campo Vaccino, under nature's triumphal arch of flowering acacia trees, to the great Jewish heart-burn, the arch of Titus, and thence down the Via Sacra, to the Coliseum, where I sat down at the foot of the cross to rest

and ruminatè. The sun searched with a delicious warmth the recesses of the great ruin—the blue sky roofed it in with tender glory, and looked with limpid clearness through the beautiful arches, as they rose tier above tier into the morning air, and from every rift and crevice, and stony receptacle, where an inch of soil could lodge, curtains of exquisite wild spring flowers fell over the brown rich masses of masonry—delicate garlands wound themselves round the bases of huge fallen columns—full tufted bushes of dark green verdure rocked and swayed in the spring breath along the ranges where the heroic Roman people had thronged the seats of their great slaughter-house,—and high up against the transparent sky, light feathery wands of blossom sprang from the huge wall, crowning the grim battlement with their most fragile beauty. There are no words and no colour for all this ; poetry or painting shall not copy it ; the noble eye—the mirror of God's universe alone—shall be capable of reflecting it ; but let all

who may, come hither and see, for none that have not, shall ever know how these things look. The ruins of Rome, at least so says an intelligent observer, have each their peculiar Flora, and are adorned with wild plants especially belonging to them ;—this, if true, is very curious, and it might be matter of amusing speculation to trace the affinity between these lovely creatures and the special places where they incline to grow. After a while I went on my way to St. John Lateran's, and after worshipping the mountains from its threshold, turned into the church, and thence to the Baptistery, with which I was amazingly delighted. Coming home, I passed through the Santa Maria Maggiore, for which, in spite of my late experience in churches, I retain the predilection it first inspired me with. An unusual ceremony was going on,—a high catafalque was raised in the middle of the church ; it was like a very enormous bed, covered all over with a splendid gold cloth, with a deep border of black

velvet embroidered with skeletons. Upon this funeral couch, as upon a soldier's coffin, lay the hat and badges of the office and dignity of the dead prelate. Upwards of thirty lamps upon immensely high stands were burning all round it, and the chapter was all assembled in the choir chanting the service for the dead. Presently they all marshalled themselves in procession, and marched towards the catafalque ; on leaving the tribune, however, they had to perform a series of genuflexions the most embarrassing and awkward conceivable—first to the high altar, and then to the chapel on the right, and then to the chapel on left, and finally, to the catafalque itself. As they succeeded each other pretty rapidly in their procession, I really was afraid they would push each other down in their complicated performance. Tapers were placed in all their hands, and a sort of ballet master having arranged them in order, they surrounded the dead bed in the middle of the church. Two high dignitaries in magnificent robes of

state then came forward, the one apparently merely supporting the other, and holding up the heavy folds of his gold-embroidered mantle while he performed the office of sprinkling the catafalque with holy water, and swinging a censer round it. During these ceremonies the choir began a very fine chant, which they performed, musically speaking, admirably, though their deportment and demeanour was by no means edifying; they all had an air of as perfect indifference as the provoking disinterestedness of the chorus in a pathetic opera; some were taking snuff with each other, while some were rapidly and mechanically crossing themselves; they talked, laughed, pushed, and jostled each other during the whole chant; and the beautiful church, fine music, and careless mummary of the ceremony formed a most curious jumble as I sat at the base of a pillar, receiving the combined impressions of the whole.

LINES.

Upon the altar of my life there lies
 A costly offering : its great price I know ;
 Its power, its wealth, its splendour, and its beauty ;
 Yet it lies there, and darkness covers it.
 It has not burn'd towards Heaven in holy flames,
 Worshipping God, warming and lighting man ;
 No fire has quicken'd it.—Love, like a torch
 Quench'd in foul mist, pass'd over it in vain :
 A flickering ray of pale uncertain happiness
 Play'd round it once, too weak to kindle it.
 Strike, strike then now, ye lightning fires of sorrow !
 Devouring flames ! ye that have all consumed
 Love, Hope, and Happiness, do your whole work !
 Light up the gifts that lie on my life's altar,
 Kindle the precious sacrifice my soul
 Has heap'd in vain : so shall it burn towards
 Heaven,
 And glorify the Giver of all gifts,
 The Sender of all earthly destinies.

We had a very interesting visit from ——— to-day, who gravely asserted the truth of the story, that the lizards, in the campagna, fly to meet men when pursued by the vipers that abound there ; and, moreover, that the sleeping shepherds are apprised of the approach of serpents by lizards, who come and walk over their faces to awaken them, and warn them of the danger. It is not wise to be in haste to disbelieve ; and ignorance, which is said to be the parent of credulity, in my humble judgment, seems to me to be the mother of twins, abject faith and presumptuous denial. This may be true ; she is very acute and observing, and, moreover, cites the universal belief of the Italian country-people in these facts. They are very strange, if they are true. These statements were corroborated by the assertions of the country-people round Frascati. She diverted us excessively during a conversation, which

turned on the national peculiarities of the English, by an account of a conversation she once had with a large and respectable silk-manufacturer at Turin, who informed her, that for French and Italian purchasers he had one and the same price (a fair and reasonable one), while from English and Russian ladies he invariably demanded more, because, he said, the Russians, if he asked as moderate a price as possible, would still beat him down at least a third of what he asked ; therefore, allowing for this peculiarity, he always asked them a third more than the value of the article ; while the English would not purchase anything whatever, unless the price demanded for it was exorbitant, and full a third more than any one else would choose to give. His mode of accommodating the various tastes of his customers was quite sensible, I thought. — went on to tell of a certain glove-manufacturer in Cologne, who, being required by an English lady to show her some gloves, found that she would not purchase

them because they were cheaper than she imagined them to be : he told her they were identically the same gloves as those she had bought of him some time before at a higher price, and that their value, from some cause or another, had diminished. She refused to buy them, and the poor manufacturer was much puzzled what to do, when his wife, less conscientious than himself, brought from an inner store-room some that she said were at the old price ; and the English lady, delighted, purchased an article identical with the one she had rejected, for a third more money. The glove-maker, whom —— knew personally to be an extremely honest man, was so annoyed at what he considered the injustice of his profit, that he sent the money to a poor's-box.

We went, in the afternoon, to a fête, given by ——, at the Villa Albani ; everything was very pretty, and the whole was a failure, which will happen sometimes : some said it was the weather, which was gusty and uncertain ; some, that it

was the cold dinner, which should have been hot ; some, that it was the division of men and women at the dinner, who should have been together ; but the greater number of reasonable people attributed the want of *entrain* and dullness of the whole thing to the presence of Monsignore ———. I was shown, in the refreshment room, a little antique female fawn, a great curiosity, as it is supposed to be the only specimen of the kind extant ; it is quite enough, of course, however, to establish the existence of the two sexes in the race, and therefore to make the habitual deportment of the satyrs towards the nymphs inexcusable. I walked to the Santa Maria Maggiore this morning, and found the streets lined with little extemporaneous altars to the Virgin Mary : they consisted, for the most part, of an old rush-bottomed chair, covered with a cloth or handkerchief ; a coarse picture or engraving of the Virgin was leaned against the back of the chair, and before it a bunch of flowers, and a little lamp. Ragged boys and

girls were the officiating clergy of these strange little shrines, and pursued us down the street, shrilly shouting their "Dàmi un bajoc" in the name of the Holy Virgin. It reminded me of the "Please remember the grotto" of our street urchins, but has a more classical and ancient origin, for it is a special celebration in honour of the first Sunday in May, and the Beata Vergine receives the worship of the heathen Flora. I returned home through the Villa Negrone. Most fit and natural it is, that either with or without intermediation, men should praise and worship God at this most holy season, and that the most exquisite eloquence of the material creation should find its crowning utterance in the soul and tongue of man :—

"Hail, bounteous May," &c.

The vegetable gardens that cover the sunny slopes all round Rome, are a source of infinite pleasure to me ; they are extremely well tended and kept, and the bright green files of lettuce

upon the rich soft brown mould have a special beauty of their own, combined of positive elements of symmetry, regularity, and the association of ideas of peaceful industry, plenty and physical well-being : these modest patches of lowly labour look especially well below the ruined arches of the aqueducts, and the crumbling masses of the palace of the Cæsars. It is peculiar, I think, to this wonderful place, that nothing most common and common-place, but becomes, from juxtaposition with its heroic and graceful elements, a new charm of contrast, making of the whole something unmatched in harmony and in variety. As I walked through the lovely vineyard, with its green arches and little stacks of cane, all wreathed with the downy vine leaves and fragrant blossoms, the path I followed was like a flowery belt—a broad, undulating, many-coloured ribbon, —thrown across the estate ; poppies, with the sunlight shining through them, rocked and nodded to each other ; blue and white and purple blossoms, gold and silver grasses, formed the most

exquisite combinations of form and colour to carpet the vine-dresser's way—up to that hill with its dark diadem of cypresses, between whose shafts the campagna and the mountains, and Rome, are seen framed in separate pictures : then I descended through the lowly demure-looking salad beds, to the old tower of the baths of Diocletian, and a broad avenue, lined with rich dark orange trees, in full blossom,—a wonderful mass of fragrance,—to the gate of the Palazzo, and this was shut. I did not want to turn back ; the path through the vineyard had been lovely, but my soul abhors turning back, and so I startled the lonely echoes of the lonely garden and villa with every species of invocation that I thought might bring human help and a key. I never so completely realised and execrated the nature of the national Italian employment, the *Dolce far niente*, as on seeing through this inexorable and heaven-high iron gate, a cat and dog lying in the sun, within a yard of each other, both with their eyes and heads turned to

me, but quite too lazy either to mew or bark, which I vainly tried, by my outcries and exclamations, to induce them to do, and by that means arouse the dwellers of the house, into whom the spirit of the Seven Sleepers seemed to have passed. "There is a blessing for those who wait," says the proverb, to which proverb the wise man or woman will always add "long enough." My blessing came in the shape of a pretty young girl, who opened the gate, and ushered me into the desolate garden of the villa, where I sat in a wilderness of blossoms, in the midst of which sprung up a silver-fringed fountain, and rested while she robbed the orange trees of their bridal garland for me.

May 4th.—This morning I went to the Santa Maria degli Angioli—a splendid church—part of the baths of Diocletian converted to Christianity by Michael Angelo. Unfortunately most of the altars in it are like little cabinets at a French restaurant, with vile painted marble pillars ; but the proportions of the church are most splendid.

From thence I went to the Santa Maria della Vittoria, a gaudy rich little church, like some wealthy private chapel, full of costly marbles, gilding, and paintings, and the most extraordinary sculpture ; consisting of what one might call marble pictures, by Bernini, of sundry Cardinals and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and a statue of St. Theresa, which represents her in a sort of ecstatical trance, while an angel, astonishingly like a Cupid, both in appearance and occupation, is about to pierce her heart with the arrow of (divine) love. This is a very curious performance and conception ; the mechanical merit of it is very great, I believe ; I thought it was a pity it was not done in wax ; the “moral suitability” of such a work in marble is none. After this, crossing over by the Acqua Felice, I walked by mistake into the cloisters of the Benedictine monks, whence I was recalled in horror by some one passing by, who indicated to me the proper entrance of their small church, which I was in search of.

We have just made an expedition to Tivoli, which was highly prosperous till its very close. Directed by —— to one inn in preference to the rival establishment, we repaired to the Queen of England, and found her most gracious majesty dark, dingy, dirty,—in short indescribably dreadful ; but, however, thanks to some omnipotent charm, which we alas had not ! —— had found sweet smells and savory food, and sunny sights, while our experience was—of dirt to eat, dirt to drink, and dirt to sleep in. Travellers sent to that inn by our friend should at least be furnished too with his talisman (a good conscience and a contented spirit, I presume), which made him careless of all the usual necessities of life. Soon after our arrival, donkeys were procured, and we started on the usual giro of the valley, beginning our pilgrimage at the Villa D'Este, where we sat by fountains falling in this lovely solitude, and gathered branches thick with orange blossoms, and looked from crumbling princely terraces over the glorious campagna, and heard,—in a sort of

dark chamber of cypress trees with the red buds of delicate China roses blooming at their feet,—the loud sweet singing of a fearless nightingale. Thence we proceeded to what is called, by those who know, *Mæcenas' villa* ; and by those who know better, the temple of Hercules. I, who neither know, nor know better, saw a fine collection of extensive iron forges, a species of place that I have the greatest delight in, because of their picturesque black chambers, and fiery furnaces, and sooty population, all which we had in great perfection here ; for after walking out on the huge noble roof that juts like a promontory over the glen, its sides all garlanded with young verdure, amidst which the milk white cascabelle went rolling in round fleecy ropes down the steep cliff, we descended to visit the valley, passing through the iron works—through dark passages, where the sound of rushing waters rolled above our heads—and where some sudden furnace gleam betrayed them hurrying fast beneath the planks under our feet. Huge bellows and hammers, wielded by the sub-

ject elements, resounded with deafening clangour through the black vaults. Presently we passed deep glowing furnaces, from one of which a long bar of iron that had writhed itself crooked in the intense heat, was drawn out, and thrown like a red snake upon the ground ; close to those toiling fires sprang up white sheets of toiling water, wrestling with powerful wheels that they lashed till they turned the appointed way ; and sweating, begrimed, sooty,—smaller than the smallest part of this vast machinery, and weaker than its weakest,—stood in the midst of these, his bright powerful slaves, the mighty task-master—man. Leaving these volcanic regions, we descended a steep path, through vineyards, where the vines, instead of being cut short and fastened in little stacks to reeds a few feet high, are spread all over trellises—a mode of training them, disadvantageous, it is said, to the grapes, but which produces a very pleasant appearance, and looked down upon from above has the effect of a sort of false-bottom to the

whole country—that which seems the verdant ground being nothing but the vine-covered trellis that hides it. The whole valley, as we wound round it, was exquisitely beautiful, and we paused by some golden tufts of broom opposite the cascabelle to enjoy the view. Our *montures* were not of the choicest description, and their gear was judiciously on a par with their personal virtues. I rode on a man's saddle, to which a pair of horns, copied certainly from those of some "curst cow," were affixed by means of a sort of swivel, so that for my greater convenience they incessantly turned round, and I on my "jack-us" might have performed a series of sedentary *rond de jambes*. Presently, however, I was called upon to execute no less peculiar a feat, for the whole saddle turning at the moment the quadruped received a sudden and rather violent encouragement from the guide, I found myself with one leg stuck over the pommel, hopping with great alacrity on the other by the side of the donkey,

who was then performing a lively piece of trot. In spite of all this, the whole expedition was lovely—the great fall disappointed me from the extremely artificial appearance given to it by the tunnel through which it now passes previous to pouring itself into the glen. It is true that to sacrifice half a town and its inhabitants every spring or autumn to the picturesque beauty of a waterfall is making rather a grim goddess of the nymph of these bright waters ; but certainly she has lost some of her charms, as well as her terrors, since she has been led through these artificial channels instead of tearing her way through the grotto of Neptune and the houses that surrounded it. Arrived at the entrance of the tunnel through which the river is led in two channels for a space of (as nearly as I can guess) a quarter of a mile, I turned under the vault, wishing to go through the passage ; a footpath by the side of the canal is provided for this purpose, and the rushing of the waters in the contrary direction

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from that in which I was running, together with the imperfect light, which towards the middle of the tunnel was a good deal obscured, produced rather a nervous sensation in me, which was suddenly and most disagreeably increased by a diabolical noise of shouting and howling, which the hollow vault rendered supernaturally sonorous, and which proceeded from a man who was rapidly following me. My first impression was that he might be drunk, and the issue of a contested passage seemed doubtful; while this pleasant contingency rapidly passed through my mind, the howling individual joined me, and proved to be our guide, who in anxious solicitude lest I should fall into the water, had pursued me with this terrific noise, which very nearly caused me to do so. He apprised me that a young English girl had fallen into the water under this tunnel, and showed me a tablet in the wall testifying the same; she was fortunately not drowned, and indeed I should not think there was much danger of

such a catastrophe ; for though the current is extremely rapid and the channel perfectly smooth, it is by no means deep. On emerging from this passage one comes upon a very pretty peaceful landscape, where the remaining waters of the river flow winding beneath willow trees through some garden grounds to the town. To return to my party I had to retrace my steps, and took the second tunnel, parallel to the one I had before come through—for the passage consists of two. This channel is deeper than the other, and less agreeable to pass through, inasmuch as the footpath is made slippery and uncomfortable by water dropping from the roof. At the end of the passage, a great number of tablets inserted in the wall testify to the fact of various royal and illustrious personages having made the same expedition. As I shall surely not be tabletted, I think it fit here to record the interesting fact of my having passed through the tunnel of the Anio. I regret very much for the sake of my readers, who, I am sure,

would be interested by the circumstance, that I did not look at my watch to ascertain the precise hour of the day. Various marks on the side of the arch show how high its majesty the river rises during the period of sudden and violent rains ; and some testify that the waters must very nearly at one time have filled up the whole channel, and that the smooth back of the swollen current must have all but grazed itself against the high roof of the arch above it. When it thus comes brimming up to the very top of the portals made for it, and pouring over the rocky battlements of the glen, it must be a fine sight to see ; to-day it was a well-bred waterfall, and as we threw light branches and boughs down on the glassy sheet that ran so smoothly to the foaming leap below, I thought of the white wreath of immortelles that I had watched churning round and round in the wild waters of the Nixie's glen in the deep mountain chambers of Taconach. From this point we descended to the empty hollow of Neptune's

Grotto, where the waters formerly poured themselves, but where now only a small portion of them find a vent; the basin in the rocks is splendid and beautiful, and the cavern below, called the Syren's Cave, into which the waters disappear with a frightful leap, is vastly the most picturesque thing of the whole. When the whole river came thundering down into this abyss, it must have been a magnificent spectacle. As it is, the dark depth below one, the rocky well through which one looks up to the sky, with its sides all garlanded with exquisite verdure, and high against the distant blue, on the very rim of this grim bowl, the graceful, perfect form of the Temple of Vesta, constitute a most striking and beautiful scene.

LINES ON THE ANIO AT TIVOLI.

One river from the mountain springs was born,
 Into three several streams its course was torn.
 One had a royal pathway made, and ran,
 Sheltered and screened, through channels paved
 by man :

A noble flood, a bounteous, beauteous river,
 In light and glory rolling forth for ever.
 One, to the children of the earth became
 A slave unwilling, bound, but never tame.
 Round lashing wheels its silver foam was spread,
 Thro' murky chambers its bright waves were led,
 Dread clangour of huge engines drown'd its voice,
 At its dark work forbidden to rejoice ;
 Close by its fiery foe its white waves boil,
 Fierce ruddy flames beside it glow and toil,
 Striving and labouring, panting, rushing past,
 All stained and sullied it leaps free at last,

And down the huge cliffs with one shouting bound
Joins its fair sister on the level ground
Of a green valley. One sad stream was led
By God, not man, thro' chasms dark, drear, and
dread :

Horrible depths ne'er visited by light,
Caves of despair, dismay, and thickest night ;
There in an agony the lonely river
Leapt down, and turned, and writhed, and plunged
for ever ;

Seeking escape from out the hideous deep,
Where its wild waters were condemned to weep ;
But this tormented stream too found its way,
At length, to the sweet air of upper day ;
And altogether they flow down to rest
One with the other in the Ocean's breast.
So ends all life that is but mortal breath,—
All fates are equal in the lap of Death.

•

We returned to the inn for rest and refreshment ; of the latter we got little, except what we derived from laughing at our food, the only alternative, as we did not wish to cry, and our spirits at least being refreshed by the process, we set out with sundry guides, bundles of tapers, and trusses of hay and straw, to scare the syren in her lair by torch-light. It had rained, for as we returned home in the morning we were overtaken by a sharp shower, and the evening was wild and gusty. It was very dark, and as we passed through the steep streets of the little town, the sudden flares of wind blew the cloaks of the gentlemen, and the petticoats of the women, and the red streams of torch-light, in wild confusion before them. As we wound down the steep paths to the cavern, the trees through which we passed glittered all in the rain that still rested on them, and added much to the beautiful effect of the shadowy procession moving

in torch-light through the surrounding gloom, and descending, apparently, into the very bowels of the earth. Arrived at the bottom of Neptune's Cave, which is the top of the Syren's Grotto, all sorts of illuminations took place. Bundles of hay were piled beneath the rocky arch, below which the waters disappeared, and being set fire to, the sudden light sent a blood-red flare deep down into the gulph and upon the foaming waters. Wreaths of burning straw were floated down into the abyss, whose darkness swallowed them instantly; the rocky roof and eager forms and faces of the assistants, and terrified leaping wild waters, all being suddenly illuminated by the strong light only for a few seconds. Then fires were lighted half way up the glen in a sort of rocky gallery, with open arches looking down into the deep. Here, as we stood below and opposite, we saw the men who were employed in lighting these fires run to and fro through the ruddy rock passage: the effect was perfectly infernal; and nothing but demons, or some religious rites,

such as men have devised for themselves, and which are fit only for devils, were suggested by this strange spectacle. Then the red flaring fires were extinguished, and a pale white chemical light was made to pour its radiance into the rocky cup, at the bottom of which we stood. The mild, but powerful light, like brightest moonlight intensified, searched every nook of the cavern, and falling full on the white robe of the waterfall, made it appear like some gigantic ghost. In short, there was no end to the tricks played, and the exhibitions made of those beautiful and awful scenes ; and as the master of the inn, like an expert showman, made us stand first in one place and then in another, while he produced his effects of red lights, and white lights, and hay light, and straw light, and torch light, I was seized with disgust at the whole process, and heartily wished he might fall into the cataract, while he was showing it off in that familiar and theatrical style. I am sorry for this ill feeling, but I do

not like liberties taken with nature. Coming to see the scenery by torch-light, I should not have objected to ; but these buffooneries displeased me, in spite of the striking effect produced by some of them. I have always a spiteful feeling at people who make vulgar exhibitions of grand and fearful natural objects, and never yet saw a menagerie, and heard the impertinent observations of the keepers upon elephants, lions, tigers, and such small gear, and saw the intolerable jokes they practise upon these very superior animals, that I did not wish the bars of the cage might break, and the two beasts be brought into a more natural confronting of each other. If we must have collections of noble savage beasts, and keep them in cages, let them be treated with proper respect ; and if we may go and peep shuddering over the brink of such secrets as those of the Syren's Grotto at Tivoli, let us do it devoutly, and not in a spirit of impertinent levity, with all sorts of mountebank illustrations of our own devising. Sitting in

the night beside that fearful subterranean waterfall would, after all, have been a finer thing than all the things we did.

THE SYREN'S CAVE, AT TIVOLI.

As o'er the chasm I breathless hung,
Thus from the depths the Syren sung :

“ Down, down into the womb
Of earth, the daylight's tomb,
Where the sun's eyes
Never may shine,
Nor fair moon rise
With smile divine ;
Where caverns yawn
Black as despair,
Fatally drawn
I plunge down there ;

And with the bound
The rocks resound,
And round and round
My waves are wound
Into the gaping rifts of the mid earth :
Oh, for the sunny springs where I took birth !
The gentle rills,
The tiny brimming fountain,
That, scoop'd in the warm bosom of the
mountain,
Each May shower over-fills !
Whence I and my fair sister came ; and she
Rolls her smooth silver flood along the way,
That princes made for her, so royally,
Piercing the rock to give her ample way.
Down the bright sunny steep
Her waters leap,
Myrtle, and bay, and laurel, and wild vine,
A garland for her flowing tresses twine !
The green moss stars the rocks whereon she
leaps,
Over her breast the fragrant locust weeps ;

The air resounds with her wild shouts of
laughter,

The echoes of the hills in chorus after
Repeat the sound, and in her silvery spray
Rainbows are woven by the light of day !

Down in the valley she springs

And sings,

And the sky bends over

Her, like a lover ;

And glittering and sparkling her waters run,
A bright sea of snow in the summer sun !

Darkness broods over me the while ;

Grim rocks that sweat

With my cold clammy spray,

As down the hopeless way

In one wild jet

My tortur'd billows lash, and leap, and boil ;

So deep my bed of darkness lies,

That scarce the voice of my great agony

Reaches the skies,

And all ye see

With fearful eyes
Who question me,
Is the grey whirling mist that covers all
As with a pall.

Light ! light upon the rocks ! sudden and fierce
The sharp flames pierce ;
Glaring upon my water
Like the blood-hue of slaughter
A red torch flashes ;
As down my wild flood dashes
Wide flaring brightness streams upon my foam,
And flaming fire-wreaths come
Hissing into my waves, to find their doom
In the same blackness that devours me.
The huge rocks grin, as with a sudden glee,
At this strange visitation of the light,
And they are made not beautiful, but bright,
As all their horrid piles and masses show,
Hanging above, and heaped below,
Searched by the ruddy glow.

Oh, let me still in darkness dwell !

Not in this hell

Of lurid light,

That scares the night.

Hence with the leaping glare,

Whose fiery stare

Reveals the secrets of my dismal bed ;

Hence with the voices that profane the dread

Of my dark chambers !"—thus the Syren cried,

As o'er the rocky chasm's black hideous side

I hung entranc'd with terror and dismay,—

And at that piteous cry I fled away.

The next morning we took a walk to the Temple of Vesta, and bade farewell to this enchanting place. The hills and waterfalls delight me ; but the carefully cut paths, and steps, and civilised facilities for sight-seeing irk me too, when I think of the exquisite scenery hidden in the wild recesses of the mountains in America ; of the long, laborious, uncertain, wandering

through the forests ; of the adventurous exploring half up the bright waters of some wild mountain stream (an easier path often than may be found along its rocky precipitous banks) ; of the delight of finding, at last, through much difficulty and some danger, the hidden cataract, whose voice had called us on through the thick veil of interposing wood ; of the noon-day plunge in the cold sparkling waters, curtained round with the dark folds of the hemlock pines, below whose screen the delicate birch-trees wave their golden tapestry ; the blue sky, purer and more brilliant than even that of Italy, roofing in the paradise, encircled by the primeval forest, and secure from even thought of human proximity. There is something tame in all this tourist-haunted nature compared with the lovely wild scenery buried in the unvisited and hardly known regions of that most beautiful western continent. As we drove out of Tivoli on our return to Rome, we met three girls walking with intertwined arms and bare heads, whose beauty

was extremely remarkable ; as they went singing and laughing down the street, they would have formed a splendid study for a painter, with their fine heads and full figures and free reckless bearing ; they looked dirty and saucy, but most eminently picturesque. Our next adventure was less agreeable. At the very beginning of the long steep hill which leads from Tivoli to the level campagna, the horses of the carriage in which ——— and Mr. ——— were became restive, and after kicking and plunging in a most frightful manner, set off full gallop down the hill. ——— and Mr. ——— fortunately had time to get out, and the coachman and servant had also dismounted. The infuriated creatures came tearing down the hill, with the carriage tossing like a ship behind them. They struck it violently against a tree, which broke it, and set them free, and they then pursued their frantic career, followed by the despairing coachman and our very efficient and steady man, Pietro. We had hardly received the ship-

wrecked travellers into our carriage, and stowed their carpet-bags, guide-books, and all the endless lumber of a trip, and were proceeding leisurely towards the bottom of the long hill, when we met the forlorn procession returning ; Pietro pale and with quivering lips ; the horses with their tails all covered with blood whisking against their bleeding legs, which they had cut and mangled shockingly in kicking against the carriage : the coachman brought up the train like Niobe, all tears. No sooner did he perceive us, than he broke out into a southern tempest of lamentations, wringing his hands, beating his breast, tearing his hair, rolling his eyes up to heaven, sobbing, snivelling, and finally falling in a demi-syncope upon a bank ; while, in the deep abandonment of his grief, he let go the horses' reins again, thereby giving them an opportunity of renewing their late successful scappata. How an Englishman would have scowled at the howling Roman as he reclined weeping and woe-begone by the road-

side! We comforted him all we could, and proceeded to Hadrian's Villa, where ——, who had sprained his foot in jumping from the carriage, having procured a horse, we spent some beatific time amid the grand, graceful ruins round which the spring had twined a thousand fresh garlands, making glad the wrecks of man's greatness with the never-fading greatness of God. It was a great, beautiful, and sublime scene, and for a moment I was seized with the Lotos Eater's frenzy, and felt inclined to remain there the rest of my natural life.

HADRIAN'S VILLA.

Let us stay here : nor ever more depart
From this sweet wilderness Nature and Art
Have made, not for light wandering feet to
stray,

Through their fair chaos half one sunny day ;
But for th' abiding place of those whose spirit
Is worthy all this beauty to inherit.

Pervading sunlight vivifies the earth,
The fresh green thickets rock, as though in mirth,
Under its warmth, and shaken by the breeze,
That springs down into them from waving trees,
Whose dark blue branches spread themselves on
high,

On granite shafts, that seem to prop the sky.
Around, a rocky screen the mountains spread,
Wood-mantled to their middle, but each head
Grey, bare, and bald, save where a passing veil,
Vaporous, and silv'ry soft, the low clouds trail

Over their craggy brows:—down their steep sides
 The light procession of fleet shadow glides,
 Garlands of melting gloom, that join and sever,
 And climb, and then run down the hills for ever,
 Like rapid outspread wings, flying away
 Before the golden shafts of the bright day.
 Turn from the rocky wall, and lo ! a sea
 Of level land, like an eternity,
 Spreads its vast plain beneath the hazy light,
 Till far, far, on th' horizon's edge, one bright
 And blinding streak betrays the distant verge,
 Where earth and ocean in each other merge.
 Look from this promontory made of ruin,
 Thro' whose brown broken arches the soft
 wooing
 Of the Spring air in murmurs low is heard,
 Answering the voice of that triumphant bird,
 Who, hid 'mid fragrant wreaths of hawthorn
 bloom,
 Sings loud and sweet, here, in this wondrous tomb
 Of the earth's greatness :—look below, around,
 Above,—survey this magic sky and ground ;

These crumbling arches, that blue vault of
Heaven,

These pillars, and these friezes, fall'n or riv'n
From their stone sockets ; those fair cypress
trees,

Those vine and ivy garlands, Nature's frieze ;
These graceful fragments, over which she flings
The still fresh mantle of a thousand Springs ;
Hear from it all the strange and solemn story,
Decay and Death reaping all human glory.

Ho, Adrian ! Emperor, Conqueror, Priest, and
Lord !

Who the great Roman world swayedst with a
word !

Thou who didst cast off power without measure,
To dwell in joy, possessing only pleasure !
The wild bee hums in the wild wreaths of thyme
That carpet o'er thy halls and courts sublime ;
The nightingale, sweet single chorister,
Fills the void circle of thy theatre,
And northern pilgrims, with slow lingering feet,
Stray round each vestige of thy lov'd retreat,

And spend in homage half one sunny day
Before they pass upon their wandering way,
Leaving thy royal ruin of delight
Lordly and lonely, lovely, sad, and bright.

We have made another expedition in the opposite direction, which has enchanted us extremely. Leaving Rome by the San Paolo fuori Mura, we took the road to Ostia ; and, following the windings of the Tiber, with our backs to the beautiful mountain screen that stands round Rome, we drove towards the sea. The spring was in all its beautiful southern glory : as long as we drove through the suburbs, every wall was crowned with profuse bushes of roses, and every path shaded with the silver bunches of the acacia blossom ; the great long lordly sweeping meadows of the campagna were all carpeted with soft green and a thousand blossoms ; and the very edges of the ditches by the road-side were gay with gorgeous colours—now

an army of scarlet poppies that "made the rash gazer wipe his eye," and then a heaven-blue cloud of delicate azure-tinted burridge, with its red-brown stalks and downy leaves ; while above, wild hawthorn and honeysuckle hung fragrant draperies over every hedge. Spring is the season for Italy—Italy is the place to see the spring, and know how triumphant a thing this resurrection of the year may be. Midway to Ostia, and just beyond a bit of the ancient Via Severiana, stands the Osteria of Malafede ; and here begins the vast extent of alternate marsh and forest that stretches along the coast as far as Nettuno. From a rise in the road just at this point, the view is very striking ; the wide tract of dwarf forest, scrub hawthorn, and oak, stretches down over the skirts of the campagna, like a dark shadow, to the salt marshes, and desolate lonely town of Ostia. Fever and ague have scared away all human inhabitants from this wild district, which has a peculiar forlorn grandeur and picturesqueness of its own. The people

employed at the salt works are pretty much the only residents in Ostia, where there is a church and inn, and the fine old middle-age castle, in which Cæsar Borgia was confined for a time. Leaving this uninviting place, we drove about half a mile over short sea-grass, in a parallel direction with the coast, and crossing a small bridge over a widish brook that flows from the forest marshes to the sea, we entered the domain of Castel Fusano, the property of the Chigi family, and found ourselves in a sort of sylvan temple, of the noblest and grandest proportions : all round the old weather-stained mansion a semi-circle of glorious stone pines formed a natural hall, more beautiful than ever yet rose, propped on granite or marble—it was impossible not to be struck with delight and almost awe, standing in the midst of this ring of forest giants ; behind them stretched the various wood of beech and oak, with their gnarled fantastic forms, and new fresh verdure, and far-winding wooing avenues, forming the most delicious con-

trast to the solemn grandeur of this fine colonnade. All round the house reigned a sunny open space, girt everywhere with exquisite woodland scenery; and towards the sea, the great pine forest stretched its dark-blue vault over the earth, fragrant with its aromatic warm coloured sheddings, on which we walked, rejoicing in all things. A broad avenue, paved with the large stones of the Roman road, and extending for nearly a mile and a half, led through this strange paradise. On either hand, the shafts of the stone pines rose shining like porphyry columns; ilex and oak, and brilliant evergreen growth, filled up, as with green curtains, the spaces between; the feathery snow-white heather darted its elegant spires up against this dark back-ground; profuse branches of rose-blossomed daphne, and fragrant pale-blue rosemary, swelled in rounded tufts below, and close upon the dark cone-strewed earth, like jewels scattered upon the pavement of these magical woods; the glowing blossoms of the sweet cyclamen shone ruby red

in the gleams of sunlight that crept beneath the boughs to make them bright. A more wonderful and beautiful woodland scene I never saw; and when, towards the end of this triumphant way, the dazzling white sand and sapphire blue waters of the Mediterranean rose up against the horizon, we all cried out with delight and amazement at the beauty of the scene. The day passed rapidly away—it is one of those filled only with beautiful things, which I remember separately in my life.

THE AUTUMN CYCLAMEN.

These beautiful little flowers, whose most appropriate title among the Italian country people is *Viole pazze* (mad violets), early in spring fill these southern woods with their amaranth-coloured blossoms, and exquisite

fragrance. They disappear before the increasing heat of summer, but when the autumn comes return and cover every mossy bank and sheltered copse with profuse blossoms, which, however, look like the flowery spectres of their sweet spring existence ; colourless and scentless, they haunt the woods and meadows till the fall of the year ; when even these floral apparitions vanish, their petals dropping off, the slight stems, generally two or three inches long, roll themselves tightly up, and either lie thus curled up under the earth's surface, or perhaps merely beneath its warm winter covering of fallen leaves, until the spring restores to them their amaranthine vests and fragrant breath.

We are the ghosts of those small flow'rs,
That in the opening of the year,
'Neath rosemary and myrtle bow'rs,
In crimson vests appear.

Far, underneath the blue pine wood,
Between its massive porphyry stems,
The mossy ground we overstrewn
With ruby-coloured gems.

The slender heath spires o'er us wav'd
. Their lordly snow-white feathers fine,
And round our feet the earth was pav'd
With sheddings of the pine.

The flow'r Apollo lov'd, its bloom
In rosy bunches o'er us spread,
And heavy hanging golden broom
Deep golden shadows shed.

Above, around, and underneath,
The aromatic air was filled
With the wild sweetness of our breath,
Like honey-combs distilled.

The spring breeze flying towards the sea
Entranced, remain'd, and o'er us hung;
And in our cups the soft brown bee
Bending our blossoms swung.

The blue sea sang to us a deep,
Sonorous, solemn, melody ;
The sun stoop'd 'neath the boughs to peep
At our fair company.

And you went by ; in your white hand
Was many a slender, brittle stem,
That you had gather'd from our band ;
We wished we were with them.

Now, here we are a ghostly train ;
Who, in the closing of the year,
From the dark earth-cells rise again,
And sadly do appear.

The red hues of our coronal,
All pale and wintry white have grown ;
Our leaves, in wild disorder, all,
By the rough winds are blown.

The sun-beams faint, and thin, and chill,
Look at us thro' dark walls of cloud,
And o'er the grey ridge of the hill,
The storm howls fierce and loud.

'Neath many a black green ivy wreath,
Steep'd in the cold and glittering showers,
We send a faint and scentless breath,
Thro' gloomy laurel bow'rs.

The hard pine-cones come shaken down,
Bruising us, where we clustered grow,
Brown, thorny, wild briar arms are thrown
Across our breasts of snow.

The threatening thunder heavily
Rolls thro' the darkening realms of space;
And in the lightning glares we see
Each other's wet, wan face.

We are the ghosts of those gay flow'rs,
That in your soft white hand you bore;
And soon the cheerless wintry bow'rs
Will see e'en us no more.

This morning we went to the Sistine Chapel; our last expedition to it had ended in quasi suffocation among the crowd outside the door, listening to Pacini's *Miserere*, which we could not hear, and supposing it was Allegri's; to-day we entered without let or hindrance, and found all silent and empty—two diligent German sight-seers, book in hand, alone wandered round with us; and we remained for a length of time admiring the grandest pictorial conceptions in the whole world. It is impossible to describe them; but I have never been impressed by any pictures as by these colossal figures of the sybils and prophets—grand and natural, simple and sublime, beyond any pictures I ever beheld. The great picture of the Last Judgment, which stands behind the altar, did nothing, however, but horrify me. Drawing, grouping, anatomy, may all triumph in this vast composition; but the conception of it is so gross, so coarse, so

earthly, and withal so childish, that it displeased me utterly. As for the Judge Supreme, the Christ, the Son of God, I was more shocked with the brutal form and expression lent to Him, than with any other representation of that Divine Humanity I ever beheld—though I involuntarily turn away my eyes from all of them. This was indeed horrible,—the subject of the whole thus treated is exceedingly displeasing, and I turned from it to gaze with still increasing wonder and delight at the miracles on the vault. A rather comical piece of consideration was shown, it seems to me, on the occasion of the death of the late Pope. While his body lay in state in the chapel, a curtain was drawn across the picture of the Last Judgment, with a view, I suppose, to avoid the suggestion of any ideas upon that subject in which the dead Pontiff might be disrespectfully implicated : in spite of which precaution shrewd guesses were not avoided ; and a letter was taken from the post-office a short time ago, directed “ To Gregory

the Sixteenth, *in Hell!*" and containing a copy of the amnesty promulgated immediately after his accession by his successor. As we left the Vatican, a most beautiful effect of light struck me; the staircase we descended was in a sort of mellow twilight; the long gallery, beyond where stood and sat the Swiss Guard, was perfect salmon-colour, with the sunlight pouring through the open windows towards the great court; and at the end of all, between the large pillars of the colonnade, the place of St. Peter's Fountain, people, and the long Via del Borgo were one blaze of sunlight. It was wonderful; but could hardly have been painted any more than described. We walked out at the Porta Angelica, and went home across the meadows behind St. Angelo, along a lane filled with acacias and honeysuckle; we crossed the Tiber by a most primitive rope ferry in a most filthy ferry-boat, and landing in the Via Ripetta went up to our home on the Pincio, which seems to me one of the very choice positions in all Rome.

In the afternoon we drove out to the Via Nomentana, beyond St. Agnes, intending to visit the catacombs ; walking through some ground, part meadow, part vineyard, to a tumble-down cottage, a man issued from it armed with a proper proportion of tapers, who guided us to a sort of cellar door, opening into the ground. First went our guide, next Mr. ———, down the steep narrow stone steps ; I was about to follow, followed myself by my sister and Mrs. ———, when, happening to look upwards, I perceived that the vault, on which the torch-light and daylight played together, was literally lined with huge hairy spiders, a perfect network of running legs and round black bodies. This was enough for me ; I would have gone down there to have saved a person's life, perhaps ; as it was, I forthwith wheeled about and fled. Mrs. ——— and my sister followed my example ; the latter, indeed, for pure conformity's sake, for she does not mind spiders. Mr. ——— remained at the bottom of the stairs, adjuring,

imploring, exhorting—"Caroline! Adelaide! Mrs. Butler! There are no more spiders as soon as you're down the stairs; they're only old men—not real spiders, what d'ye call them, daddy-long-legs. Oh, come here! see!—the early Christians! Here they are!" But the latest Christians fled amain, and we saw no catacombs; in spite of which, my conception of, and admiration for, all that these saints and martyrs of our faith endured, is, I am persuaded, infinitely greater than if I had seen the catacombs, and not the spiders. To divert the time while Mr. ——— pursued his spidery way, my sister and myself went into the curious old church of St. Agnes, which is quite at a considerable depth below ground, — a most picturesque old church, sunny and lonely and still: it struck us both extremely. There was a beautiful marble head of Christ, attributed to Michael Angelo, on a small side altar; the whole church, empty of all but the still sunlight, seemed to me full of devotion. The priest who showed it

to us led us from thence to the adjoining baptistry or church of Sta. Costanza, an exquisite round building, with a double colonnade of marble pillars ; a roof covered with various and most curious mosaic, and a little side door, which, standing half opened, showed a rich foreground of golden green foliage, and the sunny campagna beyond. The whole was most magnificent in its effect, and I regretted neither the spiders nor the catacombs. This was our last day in Rome ; the spring beckoned us to our villeggiatura at Frascati, and the next morning we departed for the Alban hills, and the green woody slopes of Tusculum.

It is a certain fact that descriptions describe nothing ; that is to say, they do not convey any distinct idea whatever of either places or people to those who are not acquainted with them ; their use, I take it, is to recall vividly, if they are good, places or people, to those who are acquainted with them. Thus, while reading such descriptions, as while looking at a picture

of a loved face, or a familiar haunt, we bear testimony to the merit of the copy by forgetting it, and exclaiming, with our minds full of the original, "Ah, how lovely it was!" To that happy company of friends gathered during the bright hours of that summer (of 1846) under one roof, and from whose national and individual dissimilarities no element of discord arose, but only variety of harmony, during an uninterrupted season of delightful intercourse,—I dedicate these remembrances of that beautiful residence, and those fortunate hours, during which memories were planted that will outbloom all seasons, and spirits joined together in bonds that will survive all time. The house we resided in was one of the many Borghese palaces, and had been a favourite residence of the Borghese (not *par excellence*) Pauline, the Venere Vincitrice—no longer inhabited by its owners, it had been let in several apartments to different families, and this year we were fortunate enough to secure one of them. The large and rather dila-

pidated rooms were but scantily provided with furniture, more various than well assorted, and tending to unsatisfactory splendour rather than to solid comfort. Few of the tables or chairs stood fairly on their legs ; but then in almost every room was some precious slab of beautifully veined marble. The sofas were repulsive and not inviting, but the walls and ceilings were variegated with that profusion of graceful ornament which make us wonder at the bare white-washing and monotonous one-patterned papers of our northern abodes ; and if the brick floors and doors loth to shut, threatened a little to the rheumatic apprehensions of English people, what sunlight, incessant, brilliant, glorious, blessed, poured from those cloudless heavens through the open windows day after day ! and how in the panting summer afternoons we looked through the cheerful vista of the long gallery, where we sat, to the pleasant vine-covered trellis, with its hanging bunches of grapes ; the dark-leaved gigantic growth of the hydrangea, with its heavy

tufts of cool, pale-blue blossoms, and the sparkling fringes of the fountain that fell down beyond into the stone basin, in the midst of its smooth clipped shining screen of polished laurel! What moonlight nights lured us forth upon the broad terraces with their graceful urns and slender cypress spires, like delicate shadows piercing the violet sky! What delicious hours of mere breathing that pleasant summer residence afforded, with its infinite combinations of natural and artificial beauty! My own special apartment was most charming.

Three windows cheerfully poured in the light:
One from the east, where o'er the Sabine hills
The sun first rose on the great Roman plain,
And shining o'er the garden, with its fountains,
Vine-trellises, and heaps of rosy bloom,
Struck on the glittering laurel trees, that shone
With burnished golden leaves against my lattice.

One towards the north, close screened with a
dark wall

Of bay and ilex, with tall cypress shafts,
Piercing with graceful spires the limpid air,
Like delicate shadows in transparent water.

One towards the west—above a sunny green,
Where merry black-eyed Tusculan maidens
laid

The tawny woof to bleach between the rays
Of morning light and the bright morning dew.
There spread the graceful balustrade, and down
Swept the twin flights of steps, with their stone
vases,

And thick leav'd aloes, like a growth of bronze,
To the broad court, where, from a twilight cell,
A Naiad, crowned with tufts of trembling green,
Sang towards the sunny palace all day long.

How charming the life was, too, with its mon-
otony and variety, like that of beautiful nature
itself. The early morning walk, through dewy

vineyards, where I forestalled my breakfast, picking from the purple and amber bunches, like a greedy bird, the finest grapes, all bathed in bloom and freshness, or breaking from the branches over my head the heavy-hanging luscious figs, while my eyes slowly wandered from the Sabine hills to the Alban mountain, and from the shining glorious campagna to the glittering Mediterranean. Then the noon-day plunge in the cool fountain, with those beautiful children, their round rosy limbs shining through the clear water, and their bead-like, glancing eyes bright with delight. Then the readings, and the music ; that exquisite voice, and learned lovely art, enchanting the hours with the songs of every land ; the earnest, silent, *begrimed*, absorbed, drawing hours ; the quiet enthusiasm of our artist friend ; the infinite anecdote, varied learning, marvellous memory, and eloquent outpourings of our traveller ; the graceful universal accomplishment and most gentle chivalrous benevolence of our dear Excellency. How many, many elements of plea-

sure and of happiness were there! How perfectly all the elements were united and tempered and attuned! The evening rides, when the sun began to withdraw his potent presence; the merry meeting of the numerous cavalcade, in front of the fine mansion; the salutations from balcony and terrace from those who stayed, alas! behind, to those who, blessed with health and strength, went forth to increase them both by pleasure. The sober procession at starting up the broad ilex avenue, the unfailing exclamations of delight and admiration as we stood on the royal terrace of the Dragon's mount, and then the sweeping gallops over the wide campagna to the Lake Regillus, Gabii, Pentana, Lunghezza, or through the chestnut woods below Rocca di Papa, and at the base of Monte Cavo, or along the smooth verdant sward (smoother and greener in the spring and autumn than green Ireland ever saw) of the long Latin valley, and then the return, by rosy sunset or pearly moonlight, through the filbert woods of Tusculum, by the Camadoli, and

down the fragrant, warm, mysterious cypress avenue. It was a perfect life, and to have led it for several months is a miracle.

L I F E.

At morn—a mountain ne'er to be climbed o'er,
A horn of plenty, lengthening evermore ;
At noon—the countless hour sands pouring fast,
Waves that we scarce can see as they run past ;
At night—a pageant over ere begun,
A course not even measured and yet run,
A short mysterious tale—suddenly done.
At first—a heap of treasure, heaven-high;
At last—a failing purse, shrunk lean and
beggarly.

Established at the Villa Taverna, one of our first expeditions was to the ancient Latin city, the birth-place of the Catos—the summer resort of Cicero. At the back of our house a noble avenue of ilex leads up for nearly a quarter of a mile of gradual ascent to the Villa Mondragone, the noblest of all the princely houses that cluster above Frascati—a huge block of building through whose long ranges of empty windows the bright sky looks like some sparkling blue eye through the sockets of a skeleton, covering, I should suppose, upwards of two acres of ground. The princely mansion commands the whole near and far country most royally—in front, a spacious terrace, all grass-grown and desolate, overlooks the splendid prospect ; a broken, tottering stone balustrade still ornaments it, but the visitor, gazing on the varied and lovely scene, had better beware of the treacherous support of its tottering pillars,—here

and there great gaps are broken in its graceful line, and the irregular tufts of ivy, clematis, and wild briar have climbed from the green depths below, and hung their tapestry over the ruin ; four pillars, with dragons' heads for capitals, and surmounted by iron crosses, mark the corners of this terrace—land-marks seen for miles from below ; and a dry fountain, full of weeds and nettles, stands in the midst of it, whence looking at sunset, the world cannot show a grander or more melancholy scene. To the right, the irregular buildings of Monte Porzio, perched on their vine-clad hills ; and above and beyond, the whole line of the Sabine mountains. To the left, the waving oak and chestnut woods of Tusculum, the stone pines of the Rufinella, the cypress spires of the Falconieri ;—in the middle distance, the campagna, one sea of light ; with St. Peter's, like a huge shadowy buoy, floating on the sunny vapour ;—along the horizon, the bright line of the Mediterranean ; and immediately below our feet, leading up to the palace,

a broad grassy avenue, with two compact walls of noble cypress trees, whose black spires against the red glow of sunset, or the violet star-sown evening sky, produce one of the most solemn and beautiful effects I ever saw. We left this royal stand unwillingly, and passing through the gate, still guarded by the remains of the dragon and eagle, both crowned, pursued our road towards Tusculum, passing on our way the picturesque convent of the Camaldoli, a sort of Trappist institution, where the monks have entirely separate residences, and never associate with each other but on some special occasions, once or twice in the year. The late Pope, Gregory XVI., was one of these monks, and habitually wore their dress when not in his papal robes. They own a good deal of land in the neighbourhood, and must have been, at any rate, supposed to possess some property, for in the days of Gasperoni, his band carried off a number of them into the mountains, for the sake of a ransom of some hundred scudi, which, I believe,

the good fathers paid. At some distance from the convent gate are two iron crosses on stone pedestals. I read on one of them, that any woman passing beyond that spot was excommunicated and anathematised, in every sense of the term. We climbed, just here, a breezy knoll, covered with wild thyme, purple bell blossoms, and bushes of golden broom, whose colour looked as though one might have warmed one's hands at them ; over this splendid carpet, spread upon the hills, we looked down into the campagna, which affects me always with the same sense of vast melancholy grandeur as the sea.

After resting here, we went on through steep shady walks, all vaulted over with hazel boughs, to Tusculum. On the very top of the hill rises, or, more properly speaking, sinks, the graceful stone circle of the ancient theatre ; its proportions are small, but the whole structure is still entire in form : the stage and orchestra, and the perfectly defined stone seats, unbroken, rise one above another, with nodding scarlet poppies

growing between their crevices, the brown rocky mass of the ancient citadel of Tusculum rising behind like a screen; and above, the blue sky spreads its transparent canopy; and all below, the land falls in gradual various lovely slopes and breaks, to the level seat of Rome the victorious. From a ridge just beyond this gem of a ruin, we looked into the Latin valley, along the ancient Via Latina, to the blue ridges of the Algidus, and the Volscian summits; beyond, whole slopes of golden broom blossoms spread themselves along the valley, and waving tracts of beautiful dark green woodland rising above these amber fields led the eye upwards, to where the grey, harmonious heap of buildings, formed by Rocca di Papa, crowns one steep acclivity; and above, rising higher into the sky, the convent-crested summit of Monte Cavo. It was a warm, sunny, windy, delicious spring day, when we first saw Tusculum, a day whose very atmosphere I remember. Descending from the little theatre, we passed what is shown as the site of Cicero's

villa, and came down gradually along a sort of mountain ridge, by a smooth garden walk, through plantations of chestnut, oak, and flowering acacia, through whose branches, as from a heaven-high balcony, we every now and then had deep views down into the Roman campagna, between sweeping woody promontories, all fringed with flowering shrubs, sinking splendidly to the level plain, bounded far beyond again by the blue wall of the Sabine mountains. We sat down to rest close by a knot of dark stone pine trees, with a golden carpet of broom at their feet; the effect of colouring was magical. Our path home lay through the vineyards of the Villa Rufinella, and so we concluded our first day's walk on the Alban hills. Our friend —— told me this evening the following anecdote, which I have amused myself with putting into rhyme.

THE LANDGRAFF.

Thro' Thuringia's forest green,
The Landgraff rode at close of e'en,
Huntsmen and hounds were left behind,
While following fierce a dappled hind ;
And tho' the day grew thick apace,
The brave steed distanc'd in the chase,
Still by his rider urg'd amain,
While daylight served, to reach the plain,
Sped thro' the mazes of the wood ;
The crimson light like drops of blood
Sprinkled upon the foliage lay ;
And thro' green arches far away,
Some sudden gaps let in the light,
And made the rough old tree trunks bright.
Fast sped the steed, but still more fast
The fiery steeds of heav'n sped on ;
Oak, glade, and hazel copse flew past,
But the red sunlight all was gone :

Twilight's dim shadows gather'd round,
With light departed every sound ;
The sudden strain of some late bird
From the high boughs no more was heard ;
And save the thundering hoofs that ring
Along the path, and fluttering wing
Of bats low flying thro' the grey,
Deep solemn silence sealed the day :
One after one, the twisted form

Of each huge chestnut tree grew dim,
And with the blackness of a storm,

The coming night look'd wild and grim.
With slower step, and head bent low,
The gallant steed went forward now ;
Quoth the good Landgraff, in his mind,
"To-night we shall no shelter find,
But thou and I, old horse, shall lie

Beneath the oak tent of the wood ;
Keen hunter, ev'n of lineage high,

Finds red-brown moss a pillow good."
Just then, a sudden ruddy glare,
Streamed from the forest depths of green ;

The Landgraff gave a lusty cheer,

Well pleased the light to see, I ween ;
And with a hopeful snort, the steed
Sprang on with fresh-awaken'd speed.
From a low smithy lined with light,
The red glow pour'd upon the night ;
And that which, when beheld afar,
Shone like a friendly twinkling star,
Search'd every nook and cranny round ;
Show'd each brown leaf upon the ground ;
Each ivy snake's fine hairy feet,

Climbing the pine-shafts grey and stern—
Great golden oak boughs spread and meet

Above a sea of golden fern ;
The foaming brook all glancing bright,
In golden waves went rolling by ;
From the low roof a jet of light

Sprang upwards to the murky sky :
The fierce flames roar'd, the bellows blew,
Round a red rain of fire-sparks flew ;
The sweat fell from the stout smith's brow,
And ever with each stalwart blow,

He cried, "Oh, Landgraff, grow thou hard!"—
Amaz'd, the wondering Landgraff heard;
And stepping forth out of the night
Into the smithy's ruddy light,
He and his horse together stood,
Like shadowy demons of the wood.
"Good friend," quoth he, "I've lost my way,
Here in the forest, and I pray
That thou wilt suffer me to rest,
Till by the sky I guess the east?"
The toil-worn workman wiped his brow;
He pointed to a settle low,
And to his humble pallet bed:—
"To all I have, welcome!" he said—
"Thy horse must stable in the wood;
The water of the brook is good;
Here is the black loaf that I eat,
To work and weariness 'tis sweet."
And then, without another word,
He cried, "Oh, Landgraff, grow thou hard!"—
And struck the iron bar amain—
The furious sparks flew forth again;

And thus he wrought, and thus he pray'd,
Till the stout bar of iron made ;
He paused awhile, with panting breast,
And sat him down beside his guest,
Who cried, "Good friend, I prithee say,
Wherefore thus strangely thou dost pray?"
"Oh, sir," replied the brawny man,
"To pray and pray is all we can ;
Our Earl is good, may God reward
His gentleness, and make him hard ;
He loves the poor, he grinds us not ;
He leaves us all a peaceful lot,
And were there none between his grace
And the poor vassal's down-trod race,
His people's were a blessed case :
But between us poor men and him,
A tribe of barons, hard and grim,
Harrow and drive, and strip and spoil,
The wretched tillers of the soil ;
And the great God, who out of heaven
The charge of us, his poor, hath given

To princes, who our rights should guard,
Make towards these fiends our Landgraff hard;
And save us through his mighty hand
From these destroyers of the land:
Because our Earl is mild and good,
This greedy, bloody, wolfish brood
Make us a people most ill-starred,
So, great God, make our Landgraff hard!"

They both sat silent, while the brook
With rippling voice the burthen took,
And seemed to echo back the word,
"Oh, great God, make our Landgraff hard!"—

"Hast thou no wife, hast thou no child
To cheer thee in this forest wild?"—

"I had two children and a wife"

The smith replied, "to cheer my life—
I saw my boy borne past my door
Bound to a stag all streaming gore,
Followed by devilish men and hounds,
Because within the forest bounds
Of Ravenstein a fawn he found,
And lifted dying from the ground.

A forester of Ravenstein

Strove with him once, and fared the worse,
And sware that luckless boy of mine
Should live that fatal fray to curse.

I saw him hunted through the wood,
And track'd him by the streaks of blood,
To where the fern banks hide the river ;
But after that I saw him—never.

I had a daughter,—God be praised !

She to a distant town is gone,
A fair, fair girl !”—His head he raised

And wiped the big tears, one by one,
From his brown face—“ To let her go
I was right glad—’twas better so.

The wicked Lord of Falconsheight

Met her one morning by the brook ;
She told her mother of his look
And loathsome words, as wild with fright
She fled away ; that very night,
Like God’s good angel, through the glade
A young companion of my trade
Came travelling by—short time he staid,

And when he went, took hence the maid.
We gave our darling child to him,
And sav'd her so from shame."—The dim
Red embers on the anvil show'd
The fierce and fiery flush that glow'd
Over the swart smith's knotted brow :
" Their mother pined away—and now,
I am alone ;" he said, and rose—
Fast flew the sparks, fast fell the blows,
But neither said another word,
Save as the hammer fell with might,
From time to time, through the whole night
The prayer: " Oh, make our Landgraff hard ! "
The daylight dawn'd ; the Landgraff rode
From the smith's cottage in the wood,
And through Thuringia, far and wide,
From that day forth was check'd the pride
Of the fierce barons,—while the poor,
From wrong and cruelty secure,
Praised the good Earl, whose just command
With might and mercy ruled the land.

Among the events of this sweet summer life has been the pleasure we have enjoyed in hearing the original correspondence between Goethe, then a young man of four-and-twenty, and M. and Mme ———, the father and mother of our charming and excellent friend, and the originals of the Albert and Charlotte of his Werther. Several mornings have been enchantingly spent in listening to these interesting letters, which I sincerely hope he will ere long give to the world. They contain the germ, —the kernel of reality, which Goethe afterwards unfolded in the fiction of Werther. I had just, for the first time, read his celebrated romance, and was therefore doubly delighted at thus becoming acquainted with the real ground-work of it. In reading these letters it is most curious to observe how wonderfully the hand of genius has wrought with the elements of reality, occasionally transcribing verbatim the sensations

and experience of his own heart and mind ; occasionally the minuter events, and fine unimaginal details, of his passionate and yet uneventful intimacy with Mme ——— ; and occasionally, again, interweaving with this web of truth such threads of fiction as the artist's taste and perception suggested ; or mixing with the real personages of his drama, himself, M. and Mme ———, circumstances true in themselves, but belonging to distinct and different persons : such, for instance, as the melancholy death of poor young Jerusalem, who, partly from disappointed affection, and partly from difficulty in his affairs, and, mostly of all, from the morbid influence of a disordered imagination, committed suicide with a pistol which he borrowed for the express purpose, from M. ———. The latter, much shocked by the occurrence, and his own involuntary participation in it, wrote a detailed and most interesting account of the circumstance to Göethe, who was then winding up the thread of his romance and

seized upon this event as its conclusion, and literally transcribed verbatim, in the description of the death of Werther, M. ———'s letter to him containing the details of Jerusalem's unfortunate suicide. The charming description of his first meeting with Charlotte, and their first ball together, was taken from reality ; but the publication of these letters, interesting in every possible respect, and creditable to the great genius himself and the friends so worthy of his esteem and affection, would be but an act of absolute justice towards Mme ———, whose character has certainly lost by its fusion into that of Göethe's heroine ; who, for the necessary purposes of his romance, is represented as indifferently attractive, and by no means so estimable as the charming original from which some of her features were drawn. It is almost hard that through Germany, universally, Mme ——— should have been entirely confounded with her ideal namesake, round whom the author has thrown every charm, which never-

theless cannot atone for her silent encouragement of a man's love whom she could not marry; for her toleration of its incessant manifestations after marriage with another; and for that closing scene of passion which leaves us to pity more than to admire the wife of poor Albert, and to consider that, upon the whole, the wretched death of Werther probably averted consequences only more wretched, of ill-governed affections on the part of the lover and unprincipled indulgence on that of the heroine. Most different, indeed, was all this from the truth. Admitted by —— himself to the intimate intercourse of his betrothed, Göethe became most passionately enamoured of her; but with that indiscriminating loyalty of love which measures no difference, Charlotte remained perfectly true to her plighted allegiance; and, in daily communion with a man whose mind was one of the most powerful and extraordinary that has influenced humanity in modern times—one of the great exceptional intellects of all times—

retained her perfect truth and undiminished affection for the manly and excellent person to whom she was affianced, whose noble generosity and trust, both in her and his friend, was fitly rewarded by the faith of both ; for *his* Charlotte, untainted by vanity or inconstancy, remained, under the strong temptation of such a passion, devoted to her worthy lover ; and Goëthe, after four months of uninterrupted enjoyment of her society, resolutely tore himself away, parting both from her and his friend, rather than run the risk of disturbing their peace by useless demonstrations of a hopeless passion. The style of Werther, which is its great charm and merit, appeared to me incomparable in its tenderness and truth to nature—its exquisite pathos and simplicity ; indeed, the wonder is not that such writing was the result of a real passion ; as the expression of a merely imaginary one, it would have been impossible. Till I read the *real correspondence*, from many of which passages are transcribed into the letters of the

romance, I thought nothing could exceed the charm of sentiment and passion in the latter : but truth here, as everywhere, is alone most beautiful ; and there is one passage in one of Goëthe's letters to Mme ——— more touching than anything in Werther. Writing to her his farewell, on the night before his departure, and referring to his daily delight of seeing and being with her, he says :—" And so to-morrow I shall *not* see you ! Oh, not to-morrow is never !" Among this collection of letters is one, if I mistake not, of Herder's, giving a most interesting description of Madame ———, from the time when, at an unusually early age, she became, in consequence of her mother's death, the head of her father's family, the mistress of his house, and the guide and support of her younger brothers and sisters, to the period when, herself the mother of a large family, she still retained much of the charm which had belonged to her in early years, and was the pride and blessing of her husband's, as

she had been of her father's house. Of an exquisitely gentle and cheerful temper, of admirably sound judgment, and a most winning and gracious deportment, she was then what my American fellow-citizens would call a "lovely old lady;" using the term "lovely" in a moral rather than physical sense, and yet conveying by it something more than the *loveable*, which might belong simply to a person's mind and disposition; something of manner, and the charm of personal appearance, but more still of that inward and spiritual grace, of which they are but the outward and visible sign. This letter alone, it appears to me, ought to offer a strong inducement to M. ——— to publish the collection of which it forms a part—such a picture of one's mother is a precious inheritance. By far the most remarkable and striking part of this history of a friendship is the first publication of Werther, and its effect upon the relation between Goethe and M. and Mme ———. While the constant and enthusiastic letters of the genius to

his less gifted friends were to them but a source of affectionate delight, the expression of a love and sympathy to which his wonderful gifts appeared in truth to add but little value in their heart-estimation; theirs to him—all his intercourse with Charlotte and her husband, all his own passionate delight in her society, and passionate sorrow for her loss—the enchantment of first acquaintance, the growing charm of unblamed intimate intercourse—the difficult and dark season when to him this intercourse became impossible, except as a daily torment—the separation bitterer than death—the sweet and tender memories—all this truth, this life, this deepest reality was becoming gradually the property of Goethe's mind, after being the experience of his heart; and with that marvellous spirit of appropriation, that royal claim which genius lays upon everything it comes in contact with—the innermost workings of its own nature, as well as all other things—he was about to reproduce, moulded into the form of the gracefulest and

most pathetic fiction—the love and friendship which had filled his heart and life, and been to him, for a while, the dearest of realities. Delighted himself with the utterance he had thus found for his feelings (a world-wide utterance such as not love or friendship, but only genius, needs), he worked with enthusiasm at this picture of the past, and could not even refrain from repeatedly alluding to the tribute he was about to pay his friend and Mme ———, in his letters to them, with a sort of childish delight, and impatience of his own secret, most remarkable and interesting. At length Werther appeared, Germany wept, and went into romantic ecstasies over the love-lorn hero's destiny. The author was overwhelmed with admiration, praise, and wonder; young ladies declined bearing their name of Charlotte, because his heroine's surpassing loveliness made them ashamed of their own unworthiness of being her namesake; and in the midst of this sudden flood of glory, he laid his work at the feet of his friends, and

received in reply the mournfullest complaint of wounded delicacy—of desecrated privacy—of a noble, trusting, and beloved husband, represented as a cold, and, above all, an unloved one ; —of the most blameless and perfect womanly purity, distorted, for the purpose of a romance, into something resembling the character of a sentimental coquette, trifling with the most dangerous feelings in another, till she only escapes falling herself a victim to their violence by her lover's death. M. ——— rejected with indignation his representation as Albert, with fourfold indignation his wife's misrepresentation as Charlotte ; and Göethe, amazed, confounded, and most bitterly grieved at the irreparable injury he had inflicted on his friends, writes, in the midst of his newly-blown honours, and the intoxicating praise and admiration that was lavished on him from all sides, the most pathetic entreaties for forgiveness—nothing more. There is one letter of his, written at this time, which literally, I think, contains nothing but the

humblest and most tender and touching entreaty for pardon for the offence he had so unwittingly given those to whom he would most have delighted to give honour, and to direct the world's honour. This, however, could not last—Genius, like Wisdom, is justified of all her children; he fell back, gradually and involuntarily, upon the beauty of the work he had produced, and its immense success and popularity; M. and Mme ——— gradually recovered from the first shock of the unwelcome halo thus thrown round their intercourse with Goethe: but in one of his letters to a third friend he says—“After all, Werther had to be written;” and in one of ———’s to another friend *he* says, that he “is on his guard for the rest of his life with genius friends.” And though the affectionate intercourse of their correspondence continued for many years after this, the vitality of their love had received a wound, from this moment, from which it never recovered. Goethe in vain strove to make them compre-

hend the right of art over reality ; they in vain represented to him a reality, over which art had no claims. The unutterable difference between genius and its less gifted fellows, made itself felt most keenly to both parties ; and the bleeding and suffering of the tender human sympathies that bound them, is one of the saddest illustrations of the kind that I ever met with. . Goethe promised to write another Charlotte, that should in very deed be his Charlotte, ———'s Charlotte ; but he never kept his word. His intellect needed no second production of the kind ; the world would have believed in no other Charlotte ; the truth he wanted, he had taken,—that which he did not want, he had rejected ; his work was complete, and the affectionate desire of his heart in vain solicited his invention for a second creation, which should supersede the past. Nor can anything remove from the mind of the German public the impression that Werther's Charlotte is, in every particular, Mme ———, but

the publication of these very letters, which can alone do ample justice to her and her husband, at the same time that they display Goëthe himself in the most amiable and attractive light, in spite of what he considered his glorification of his friends, and they his pillorising of them.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF GENIUS.

Oh, hearts of flesh ! Oh, beating hearts of love !

Oh, twining hands of human dear desire !—

How, when your glorious mate begins to move,

How shall ye follow those wide wings of fire

That bear him up ? Ah ! to the chariot wheels,

That wrap the child of genius to the sky,

Breathless ye cling till round the great world reels,

And ye fall fainting down despairingly !

Bleeding and blind ye fall, and still his flight,

Serene and strong, is upward to the light,

Nearer the sun and further yet from ye,
Kindred alone of his mortality.
Awhile he stood beside ye, and awhile
His tender eyes, and lovely loving smile,
Made you believe he was indeed your brother :
But deep within that being lay another
Fearful as fair, no simple son of earth,
Of all created things the wondrous birth;
Immortal, Infinite, born to inherit
Matter, and mind, and sense, and subtlest spirit.
Lo ! ye have called this King of all creation
Your fellow, and forgot the Heaven-high station
Whence he must gather his great revenue :
Past, Present, Future, all things old and new,
All things in earth and heaven to him belong ;
And in the pæons of his conquering song
Love is but one sweet sound, one single verse,
In the great chorus of the universe ;
Which, with a voice resounding and sublime,
He utters forth unto all space and time.
Oh, piteous, precious, hapless, human love !
Thou shalt be reap'd by this bright son of Jove,

One flow'r 'mid the whole harvest of the world—
And when his mighty wings are gently furl'd,
Upon his heart thou shalt lie tenderly ;
But when the summons of his destiny
Calls to him through the ages to awake,
One heavenward spring the drooping bud shall
 shake
Back to the earth, where it shall withering lie
In the broad light of Immortality.

GENIUS AND LOVE.

—◆—
Genius and Love together stood
 At break of day beside clear fountains,
In gardens hedg'd with laurel wood,
 Screen'd by a wall of purple mountains ;
As hand in hand they smiling stray'd,
 Love twin'd a wreath of perfect roses
On Genius's brow, "And thus," he said,
 "My soul on thy bright soul reposes."

And round and round they joyous flew,
On rapid now, now lingering pinion,
And blissful Love ne'er weary grew
Of measuring o'er his bright dominion.
Anon they rested from their flight,
And thro' the fringes of clear water,
All rainbow-touch'd Love chased a sprite,
The silver Naiad's snowy daughter,
While Genius lay with flashing eyes,
Looking into the distant skies.
Love paused and said, "What dost thou see?"
"The far-off shining of the sea—
Say, wilt thou thither fly with me?"
"Is there a home by the wild flood?
Ah, leave we not our pleasant wood!"
But suddenly, with eager wings,
Towards his desire Genius springs;
So strong his flight, the rosy crown
At Love's sad feet fell broken down,
And lay beside him where he sate,
Waiting the coming of his mate:
And he return'd all gloriously,.

From the foam-caverns of the sea,
And brought strange heaps of shining treasure
To Love, who priz'd beyond all measure
His mere return :—And now his sight, }
Swift as the eagle's sunward flight, }
Rested upon the mountain's height—
“ Look ! wilt thou thither with me fly,
Dear Love ? ”—he cried ; and rapidly
Beat with his golden wings the air.
“ Is there a home for us up there ?
What seek'st thou on the mountain's brow ? ”
“ To see the wide world lie below.”
So he swept thither like the wind,
And Love remained dismay'd behind :
And now a spirit of the air
Garlands of noble amaranth bare
To the Love God beside the fountain,
And spake—“ Lo ! Genius from the mountain
Sends thee, dear Love, eternal flowers,
To deck thy pleasant myrtle bowers.”
“ Ah ! ” answered Love, despondingly,
“ Sweet roses would have done for me ;

Look, they grow here upon the ground,
Close to our very home, all round,
And morn and even may be found—
When comes he back ? ” “ Into the sky
I saw him from the mountain fly
Higher and higher towards the sun.”
Love sighed, “ The day must soon be done,
And evening shall the wanderer bring,
With sated soul and weary wing.”
Love knew not that bold Genius’ flight
Had passed the realms of day and night,
Till, from the blue, a glorious crown
Of starry light was towards him thrown ;
He saw th’ immortal circlet burn,
And knew his mate would ne’er return :
He gather’d up the rosy wreath,
With wither’d leaves, and faint sweet breath,
And turning to the dark’ning skies
The tender longing of his eyes,
He bitterly began to weep,
And wept himself at last to sleep.

THE IDEAL.

Thou shalt behold it once, and once believe
 Thou may'st possess it--Love shall make the dream,
 Impossible and glorious, palpable seem,
 And with the bliss thy soul awhile deceive—
 When from that trance thou wakest, never more
 On earth hope for it, or thy life is o'er ;
 That one approach of the Divinity
 Is but the pledge of thy affinity.
 That lovely vision shall not be renew'd,
 Though thro' all forms of being close pursued;
 The light must pass into the heavens above thee,
 Thy polar star, to warn and lead and move thee.
 If thou seek lower for it thou shalt follow
 A fatal marsh-fire, fleeting, false, and hollow ;
 Unto the glorious truth thou shalt not soar,
 But sink in darkness down for evermore.
 Not to behold it once, is not to live,
 But to possess it, is not life's to give.

We have just returned from an expedition to Monte Cavo. We drove out of Frascati, and took to our donkeys about a mile out of the town. We made a slow asinine progress through some vineyards up to a splendid chestnut wood, where each tree was a perfect study, as fine, I think, in their own kind, as the huge twisted grey forest pillars at Birnham Beeches. The rich undergrowth of broom and fern, and blessed "accidents," as the painters call them, (providences, I think they are), of light and shade, made the whole a most admirable specimen of woodland scenery. Our donkey guides are a source of infinite amusement to me ; my sister's pompous, conceited, jabbering cicerone, who, with a crimson rose that looked and smelled as if it had been dipped in Burgundy, the very type of the coming summer, stuck in his bonnet, swaggered beside her, discoursing in French, English, German, and Italian, by morsels, and mixing up his

local lore and guide-book advertisements with stupendous pieces of his own biography, and certain howls which made the woods resound, which he had caught from some *jodelning* French artists. My protector was a little Flibbertigibbet of about fourteen, slight, slender as a greyhound, and as graceful too, with one of those indescribable southern faces, full of brilliancy, sweetness, and melancholy—a most beautiful countenance, with beautiful features ; such a face as one never sees in England or America, or, I suppose, indeed, out of Italy—combining as it does with all this loveliness a capacity for sudden savage expressions of hatred and fierce passion, wonderful and terrible to behold. Hardly anywhere else I suppose, either, would a little ragged donkey boy utter poetical ecstasies about the features of the landscape, or the colours of the sky ; or, pointing to the sun and moon, which on a rosy summer's sunset stood at opposite sides of the heavens, say, “ The sun and moon greet each other ; she says ‘ Good

night' to him, for he is going ; and he ' Good day' to her, for she is coming !" Another time he bade me, when I returned to my own country, greet it for him :—" *Che l'Italia saluta l'Inghilterra,*" he added. Thus poetically escorted, we wound our way up to Rocca di Papa ; at every turn in the road we had splendid views of the *campagna*, the Sabine hills, and all the beautiful forest scenery that was gradually sinking far below us ; the village, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon a rocky cone, was swarming with people in holiday attire. We made our way up the steep slippery streets through the throng of women in scarlet spencers and head-kerchiefs, and men in black or brown velvet jackets, all with some bright-coloured scarf round their waist, or brilliant flowers in their hat : the perfect picturesqueness of them all is not to be described, old and ugly quite as much as young and handsome. I was almost startled by the wonderful effect produced by a hard-featured

bronze-coloured woman, with a splendid coloured red head-gear, standing a little back from the black aperture of a window without glass, framed in a brown stone house : the whole thing was a perfect Rembrandt. We proceeded, still climbing, to a high table land called Hannibal's camp, from the tradition that the Carthaginian halted there on his way down to Rome : the hills rose abruptly round this small level plain, lifted up itself upon the steep summits of the lower range; in the middle of it was a long low building, appropriated to keeping the supplies of snow gathered during the winter for summer refreshment. Ascending again from this mid mountain plain, we found ourselves upon the broad slabs of the Via Triumphalis, the best preserved of all the ancient Roman roads : here the Roman consuls came to triumph when the Latin states became merged in the Roman commonwealth,—to the great temple of the Latian Jupiter, whose colossal statue, standing on the summit of Monte Cavo, could be descried from Rome. Truly a

triumphal way this was to-day to us, with downward revelations of forest and town, the lakes of Albano and Nemi, the great sunny plain and Rome the glorious, and the wide forest on the coast like a dark cloud shadow, and the bright shining of the sea half-way up the summer sky, the sweep of the distant shore, the yellow margin of the sand along the blue waters, the dark shape of the Circeian promontory, and a purple spot on the silver shield of the Mediterranean, which ——— said was Nisida, or Procida. Still we went up the Via Trumphalis, under chestnut boughs of freshest green, delicate branches of pale yellow laburnums, drooping over on the banks on either side, wrought like a thick carpet with wild thyme and countless blossoms of every lovely shape and colour, and under our feet the great smooth broad stones, that the Roman consuls and their trains had marched over, going to sacrifice upon assuming their office to the great temple of the Alban Mountain. In the full tide of these heroic memories, my mind

was suddenly recalled to that Christian republic to which, if it is but wise and virtuous, God seems to have appointed the greatest Empire of the earth in the coming centuries. A turn in the road shut out Rome, and Albano, and Castel Gandolfo, and the volcanic lakes ; while the wood-screen through which we looked, showed a bold, lonely sweep of forest scenery, mountain side rolling down upon mountain side, all clothed with waving woods ; great bare and desolate patches all scarred with stumps of noble felled trees ; the black mounds of the charcoal-burners, sending their blue and silver smoke up against the hill sides in exquisite wreaths of grace and brightness ; the dark purple ridges beyond, the clear brilliancy of the sky, and for once utter loneliness ; no sight of human habitation, village, monastery, palace, or way-side chapel,—it was really like America ; and as I gazed at it from the heart of this land of great past things, how deeply my spirit was stirred with the thought of the probable fortunes of that land of futurity,

that land without memory, that land of hope !
I cannot express the solemnity and emotion with which all that I see in these countries of Europe impresses my mind with regard to America. Here, on these great hearths heaped with the ashes of many civilisations ;—here, where one national existence after another has been kindled, burned brightly, and been extinguished ;—here, where the fine Etruscan race was ground out beneath the iron heel of Rome ;—here, where the deluge of northern barbarism swept the degenerate Roman empire down ;—here, where the huge conception of spiritual dominion took body in that great church supremacy, which is vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of the almighty Truth, the immortal, universal conqueror of these laterdays of the earth ;—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how often do I muse upon that wonderful world beyond the Atlantic ! Dowered with a natural wealth unparalleled ; the latest born of Time ; peopled by the descendants of the freest and wisest nation now on earth ; not


led through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savageness and feudal semi-civilisation, but born like Pallas from the head of Jove, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience all former nations; whose heroic age boasts but of one victory, the victory of Freedom—but of one demi-god, Washington. Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the counsels of that people; if the consciousness of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of infinite importance in the world, should ever appear to them in all its most majestic significance; if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the gigantic material proportions and incalculable physical resources of their country; then, indeed, a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that kingdom of God, for whose coming all Christ's followers daily pray, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government. How much these speculations on the possible glorious future desti-

nies of that wonderful country are darkened by the mean and miserable manifestations of the present spirit of its people, I can hardly say ; my perception of the one is equal to my anticipation of the other. And when I remember the God-gifted earth and sky, the huge expanse of territory, the variety of climate and soil and produce, the free and noble theory of government, the free and wholesome action of the spirits of men, the marvellous rapidity of progress, the portentous mental and physical activity at work among all these mighty elements—admiration, astonishment, disgust, dismay, and fear and hope, alternate in my mind, till all resolves itself in earnest prayer that God will save that people from becoming, by the light of their own great gifts and greater promises, the despair instead of the hope of the world.

At length we reached the summit of Monte Cavo, and the convent of Passionioti, whose foundations are the stones of the temple of the great Latian Jupiter. We went into the church ; it was

the feast of the ascension ; the little rustic place of worship was all decked out with flowers and misty with incense ; and three priests, in festival robes, were performing mass. One of them, a huge hulk of a man, with a dark powerful complexion, bushy black eyebrows, and blue black lumps of hair, a sort of model for Samson, every now and then came forward towards the congregation, and, with eyes meekly downcast, and hands mildly folded on his breast, uttered a series of bellows which became his physical appearance better than the spiritual office he was discharging, and very nearly threw us into convulsions of laughter. At the conclusion of the mass there were a series of embraces between the priests that marvellously resembled similar performances on the stage ; the hands resting on each other's shoulders, and the head turned discreetly away so as to ensure the least possible cordiality and reality in the affectionate demonstration ; moreover, there was a gradual declension in the warmth of this very formal *accolade* as it passed

through four degrees, from the chief dignitary officiating at the high altar, to the poor serving brother who brought in the various holy implements, whose kiss of peace, delivered to him by the above-mentioned burly superior officer, was quite the poorest allowance of Christian equality that I ever saw conveyed in a kiss. Outside the church, and almost dividing with the convent the small table land at the top of the mountain, was a splendid beech tree, that reminded me of the noble forest-pillars, with their twisted Saxon architecture, at Birnham. I got up into it, and sat remembering our friend Mrs. ———'s leafy arm-chair, on the edge of that beautiful wood, while a bird sang sweetly over my head, and the monks chaunted far below my feet. We rested a pleasant half hour on the mountain, my sister and myself singing, while Mr. ——— sketched the beautiful view below our forest balcony. Our way home lay through some splendid woodland scenery, that again reminded me of America. We passed close



along the lake of Albano, whose melancholy, cheerless-looking water goes deep down from the very banks—drowning, dismal-looking water, like a smooth polished floor of solid dark-green marble—it made me shudder. The water has taken the place of the fires of a volcano; and the gloomy stillness that broods over the whole resembles the repose of exhausted convulsion, and filled me with a sort of awe in spite of its smiling walls of vivid chestnut, and moonlight-looking patches of silvery olive trees, and green garlands of the vineyards on its banks. How much less beautiful I thought it, because so much less friendly and humane, than the lovely little lake between Lenox and Stockbridge, with its shallow sunny shores, where the transparent water plays over broad slabs of glittering granite—its middle depths of darkest sapphire, and the mysterious bower of pine trees whence the springs that feed it come, under which the white fragrant water-lilies, like a company of nymphs, float and rock in the shade. At mid-day we rested and

eat our lunch under a noble tree high above the lake ; thence passing along the upper gallery, as it is called, a winding road with splendid single trees leaning over it, producing the most enchanting effect of light and shade. At Albano we resumed our carriage and returned home through Castel Gandolfo and along the side of the lake, where the great Roman emissary was made, when, in the twilight times of the conquest of Veii, it overflowed its banks. The whole drive was admirably beautiful : on one side of us the deep-lying, verd antique lake—the campagna, bounded by the glittering Mediterranean, on the other. There are no words for the splendour and beauty of the scene. Behind Marino we passed a beautiful glen, a fine wood, and the grey buildings of the village hemming it in on either side ; while in the deep rocky ravine, a large stone fountain, a rushing brook, and an ivy-mantled ruined tower, formed a perfect and most romantic picture. Our day was faultless in its elements of pleasure, and our Russian com-

panion, and his conversation about his own country, very agreeable and interesting.

ON A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

Terrible music, whose strange utterance
Seem'd like the spell of some dread conscious
trance ;
Impotent misery, helpless despair,
With far-off visions of things dear and fair ;
Restless desire, sharp poignant agonies ;
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories ;
Struggle and tempest, and around it all,
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall
Stifling it slowly ; a wild wail for life,
Sinking in darkness—a short passionate strife
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth ;
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth ;
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day ;

Dim faces growing pale in distant lands ;
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands ;
Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,—
The mockery of a blessing come too late ;
Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,—
This curse that music seem'd to speak to me.

Our quiet *villeggiatura* is becoming much excited and disturbed by the news our friends bring us daily of all that is going on in Rome, and the perpetual solicitations we receive to go in and see the ceremonies attending the Pope's funeral, and the election of his successor. Hitherto, however, we have contented ourselves with the details we receive from more zealous sight-seers than ourselves, and the singular accounts we have from our friends, the ———, who still remain in Rome, in spite of the advanced season. The circumstances gradually beginning to transpire of the details of the Pope's death are really most curious, and

certainly, if true, form a most extraordinary comment upon the absolute and positive, not philosophic and abstract, vanity of earthly greatness. It is now pretty openly stated, that the Pope literally died for want of assistance, and partly, if not absolutely, for want of food. His favourite and inseparable attendant, the brother of his barber, a man whom he had raised from the condition of a servant to that of his confidential adviser, and through whom alone he was approached, having amassed an enormous fortune by every species of iniquity, began, it is conjectured, to be weary of a service of which he was more desirous of enjoying the fruits than prolonging the duties, such as they were. The feeble old Pope's illness appeared to offer an approaching term to his obligations; and it is now universally reported that he was the undoubted means of hastening the catastrophe of his sovereign's death, which might have been averted at least for some months. During the last two days of his illness, stationed in his


ante-chamber, he denied admittance to every one who endeavoured to approach the Pope ; declaring that His Holiness had strictly enjoined him to allow ingress to no one, and adding that whoever, under those circumstances, intruded himself within the dying Pope's chamber, did so at his own peril. Thus deterred, the cardinals, his friends and counsellors, turned from the forbidden door ; and the condition of the poor old Pope's body, when it was subjected to the process of embalming, proved that he must have been without nourishment for a considerable space of time, and that there is every probability that he died absolutely of exhaustion and inanition. His infamous favourite withdrew immediately upon his death from the Papal States and the universal execration with which he was regarded, and went into some part of Italy where he was less known, to enjoy the harvest of iniquity he had reaped under the late Pope. As soon as it is ascertained that the Pope is really dead, a procession, consisting of his prin-

POPE LIES IN STATE.

cial counsellors, the cardinals, and certain other eminent personages, enter the chamber where he is lying, when one of them, whose especial office this is, proceeds to strike him upon the forehead with a small golden hammer, exclaiming, "Santo Padre, rispondete." This is repeated three times, when, the Holy Father not answering, the officiating dignitary turns about and deliberately proclaims to the assembly that "Il Santo Padre è morto." The office of the Guardia Nobile, during these dreadfully hot days, has been something intolerable ; in the first place, their enforced presence at the ceremony of embalment, and then their constant guard, relieving each other only every four hours round the bier, upon which the Pope's body lies in state in the Sistine Chapel, where the incessant thronging of the curious and the pious, combined with the distressing and nauseous effluvium proceeding from the corpse itself, and the horrible heat of the weather, have really made their duty most onerous. From lying in state in the Sistine Chapel, the

Pope's body was removed to one of the chapels in St. Peter's, where, with the feet passed through the grating of the gate, it remained for some time, to receive the adorations of its former subjects, who came to pay their last homage by kissing the feet thus placed to receive their salutations. From thence the corpse was again removed to a sort of hanging station above the door of the chapel used as the choir in St. Peter's; and its raising thither in a coarse deal box, by men in shirt sleeves, who performed the whole operation with the most careless and gross indifference, was described to me as one of the most disgusting and shocking spectacles imaginable. The rough coffin in which the body was hitched up to its niche above the chapel gate, not being swung straight, was drawn up with one end much below the other, when one of the carpenters deliberately jumped upon the upper end, and thus brought the coffin into a state of equilibrium. We went into Rome at the conclusion of all these ceremonies, to

see what we supposed would repay the trouble of doing so—the catafalc raised to the dead Pope in the middle of St. Peter’s, and which was represented to us as remarkably beautiful and splendid. Our disappointment was extreme at finding the noble church disfigured by the erection, in the middle of the nave, of an enormous pasteboard sort of temple, in the most indifferent taste possible, within which lay the imaginary sarcophagus of the late Pope Gregory the XVIth, covered with crimson velvet draperies, lighted with funeral lamps. The edifice was surmounted by various emblematic figures ; among others, a colossal pasteboard Religion, which, happening to fall from its pre-eminent station on the top of it, occasioned a great many bad jokes and impertinent prophecies. The whole thing was mean and tawdry, and reminded me of nothing so much as the operational representations of the tomb of Ninus in the Semiramide ; some theatrical exhibitions of which that I have seen, indeed, have been vastly



more impressive, and in better taste, than this funeral decoration—to use the only appropriate phrase—of St. Peter's.

The ceremonies of the assembling of the conclave, and of the proclamation of the new Pope, are too well known to require any description, especially from one who did not personally witness them. One curious custom, however, was told me, with which I was not before acquainted. The carriages of all the cardinals assembled in conclave are all daily drawn up on the open space before the Quirinal. As soon as the breaking down of the walled-up window, and the public announcement of the new Pope's election through it, takes place, his coachman breaks his whip, and, driving to his own house, takes possession of the carriage, horses, harness, &c. of his former master, who is thenceforth of course only conveyed about in the papal equipage. A comical story was told of the coachman of Cardinal Gizzi, who, it was said, entertained such a profound conviction of

the certainty of his master's election, that returning home from his first day of expectation on the Monte Cavallo, he gave himself up to such ecstasies of anticipated glory as to break and demolish almost everything he laid his hands upon in the offices—an unfortunate demonstration of fallacious delight for his eminence, Cardinal Gizzi, who, on his return from the conclave, was not Pope, and probably found his *batterie de cuisine* much injured by his too sanguine charioteer's hopeful demonstrations. Almost immediately upon the death of the Pope, innumerable political jibes and pasquinades were afloat, both with regard to his past government and the proceedings of the conclave. A curious anecdote was told of Cardinal Micala, who, going into the conclave with Lambruschini, said to him, "Now, we shall see whether the Holy Spirit or the devil presides at our deliberations: if the former, Mai or Mastai will be elected; if the latter, it will be you or me." A ridiculous caricature was circulated during the sitting of

the conclave, representing the Holy Dove hovering above the assembled cardinals, who were all zealously employed in driving it off with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Cardinal Micala was chiefly noted for the rigorous asceticism of his religious life, his hatred of all foreigners and their influence in Rome, and the noble and striking venerableness of his appearance ; wearing habitually the dress of the fraternity to which he belonged, his long white flowing beard and grave majestic countenance rendered him an object of interest and curiosity wherever he was seen. Cardinal Lambruschini enjoyed during the deliberations of the conclave, and has continued to enjoy since the election of Pius IX., the unenviable notoriety of extreme unpopularity. The representative of the Austrian policy in the Roman councils, the dread of his becoming Pope at the death of Gregory XVI. was one of the main motives that determined the votes of many members of the conclave in favour of Cardinal

Mastai. His known illiberality and devotion to the narrow and imbecile government of the late Pope had earned him unenviable distinction in popular opinion, and as soon as the election of Cardinal Mastai appeared to promise comparative impunity to the utterance of the feeling against him, it displayed itself openly,—repeatedly in the groans and hisses with which his carriage was followed in the streets, and one or two exhibitions of public feeling of even a broader nature, such as fastening a tin kettle to his carriage; a distinction generally awarded to obnoxious animals rather than Roman Catholic eminences. Cardinal Mai is best known out of Rome, as the guardian of the precious collections of the Vatican, and the learned discoverer and interpreter of the famous palimpsest Republic of Cicero.

We have just had a visit from Monsignor ———, who has been talking for about an hour incessantly of the Pope. He belonged to the household of the late Gregory XVI., and

always appeared, when we saw him, to be in a state of perfect loyalty as regarded his temporal and spiritual sovereign. Now, however, he confesses that the torment of living in a state of perpetual fear and falsehood, to which he was condemned, is not to be described ; that under the late Pope it was impossible ever to be for a moment off one's guard, for that society itself was made up of spies, and a man could not speak with safety to his most intimate acquaintance upon any matter touching the government ; that Roman princesses and countesses were paid spies in the papal service, and that it was dangerous in the extreme to utter any opinion upon any but the most indifferent subjects, for that ruin might have been the consequence of an unguarded word to persons whom one would have supposed least likely to betray one. This is certainly an agreeable state of things to exist in. The matter however now, it seems, is quite otherwise. Monsignor ——— says, the enthusiasm of the people for their new sove-

reign is not to be described. Immediately after the amnesty the men who had recovered their liberty flocked to the churches and received the sacrament, without exception, with extreme devotion. Moreover, he added that Heaven had certainly appointed this man to the exigency of the times, for that the whole papal government was tottering to its foundations. If anything can save it, as a government, I suppose this may ; but it is far more likely to prove the preparatory process for entire change ; and in this respect most fitly may the present Pope be considered God's messenger, and the appointed instrument of the appointed time. Monsignor ——— told us several admirable anecdotes of his benevolence and activity. The day of the procession of St. John Lateran, a poor old beggar woman, stretched by the wayside, called out to Christ's successor upon earth for help, "Santo Padre, ajutatemi che sto quì povera vecchia abbandonata sopra la paglia e muojo di fame." The Pope sent her immediately a gold piece,

and passed on in the procession. At night, in the dress of an Abbate, having perfectly remembered the house indicated to him as that where the woman lived, he went to seek her, and found her absolutely lying upon straw, and in a state of miserable destitution. He immediately proceeded to the house of the curate of the parish; the latter, called up not without considerable demur and difficulty (not knowing from whom the summons came) from his comfortable bed, was lost in amazement and dismay at the sight of the Pope, who, reprimanding him severely for his neglect of the poor under his charge, bade him send immediately money, food, bed and bedding to the poor old beggar, whom he had just visited. His Holiness, it seems, has a box at the post-office, of which he himself keeps the key; and whereas no letter whatever was ever allowed to reach the late Gregory the Sixteenth, it is an understood thing that this box, with everything put into it, is delivered immediately into the Pope's hands. A certain

sum of money having been charitably appropriated, I do not precisely remember by whom now, in dower-money, for a certain number of poor young Roman girls in one of the parishes in Rome, one among the number, a poor deformed girl, was defrauded by the priest in whose hands the money was lodged, and who retained hers. The girl ventured herself to address a letter to the Pope, stating how her portion had been withheld from her. Without loss of time the defaulter was summoned and condemned by the Pope to pay the poor crippled girl fifty scudi out of his own pocket, besides the twenty-five which were the portion due to her. Some evenings after this, in his usual incognito dress of an Abbate, he knocked at the door of an asylum for poor children, the management of which was not supposed to be altogether conscientiously conducted. The porter refused to open the door, alleging that the children were at supper, and just going to bed, and that nobody could be let in. At last,

the magical "Aprite che sono il Papa," threw the door wide, and the porter, in an ecstasy of fright, was running to rouse the whole establishment with the news, which, however, His Holiness forbade; and, merely desiring the dismayed superior to conduct him to the children's eating-room, he proceeded to taste the bread and wine set before them for their supper. He then turned to the superior, and said:—"To-morrow, sir, let the bread and wine put before these poor children be such as it ought to be; and remember that I have my eye upon you:" with which salutary warning he departed. There is something rather Haroun Alraschid in these nocturnal expeditions of His Holiness. On fixed days in the week, for a certain number of hours, he receives indiscriminately all persons who wish to see and speak with him. They are admitted without any distinction, one by one, according to number; and the Pope, permitting them to seat themselves, hears their grievances, receives their

petitions, and, warning them that any attempt to impose upon him, or in any way alter the truth, will be detected and punished, takes their name and address, and has their business inquired into and put to rights. As for the women, said Monsignor, they perfectly adore him, for nothing can exceed his graciousness and kindness to them :—"è davvero," added he with Christianly humanity ; "bisogna pensarlo che sono poverette anche lei creature di Dio !" for which allowance we heretical females were duly grateful. Since Monsignor's visit, we have seen ———, who, like the rest of the Romans, is open-mouthed in his enthusiasm for the Pope. He has been composing a popular patriotic chant, in honour of His Holiness, which he hopes to get sung in the Piazza del Popolo, on the eighth of September, on the occasion of the Pope's going to the Santa Maria del Popolo. He said that people were coming daily from Bologna and Ancona, and various of the hitherto most disaffected districts of the papal territory, with enthusiastic demonstrations

of loyalty, fidelity, patriotism, and devotion to the Pope. Perhaps the most touching and remarkable effect of the new disposition of men's minds, induced by the popularity of the new Government is, that instead of the spirit of distrust, jealousy, and suspicion which existed universally between the people of Rome and those of the provinces, a kindly feeling of free brotherhood seems now to animate them all towards each other. — spoke with delight and astonishment of the almost miraculous change wrought in the public mind and feeling in the space of two months ; adding, that had Pope Gregory XVI. lived, the last two months would hardly have passed over without some demonstration of popular discontent against the besotted tyranny of the Government. It is a curious fact, if it be true, but I know not upon what authority the anecdote rests, that Pius IX. had been for some years past engaged in writing a book upon the political condition of the Roman states, upon the necessary and inevitable changes

in the administration, and in short all the questions of vital import that concern the national existence of the people. This work, it is said, he had intended at his death to bequeath to whoever should be the reigning Pope, little imagining that so much labour and thought were to find their result in the measures of his own government, and that God would call him who intended thus to serve his country after his death to serve it yet more effectually by his life. Among many others,—— told us two beautiful anecdotes of his humanity and wisdom. While he was archbishop of Spoleto, a list of persons suspected of political liberalism was brought to him, and he was earnestly recommended to forward it to Rome, as an exhibition of zeal that would be highly serviceable to himself; he said he would take care of it, and immediately tore it up, and threw it into the fire. Since the proclamation of his act of amnesty, a subscription was set on foot in Rome to raise a sum of money for the poor men whose long detention

in the papal prisons had, of course, not sent them back into the world with very full pockets. A list of the subscribers' names was brought to the Pope by the governor of Rome, Marini, who suggested that it would be very desirable to keep it, as a future means of ascertaining who were tainted with sympathy for liberal opinions. The Pope said he thought it was highly desirable to make that use of it, immediately wrote down his own name, with a donation of a hundred scudi, and engaged Monsignor Marini to follow his example, and record himself as a friend of those who had suffered for liberal opinions. There is a touch of humour about this anecdote that makes it perfectly enchanting.

While archbishop of Imola, he was already known to have exhibited his sympathy for those suffering in the cause of political reform, by furnishing many of the exiled patriots with money. A beautiful anecdote is related of his merciful and humane disposition while he was in this situation. Among the other duties of the arch-


bishop is that of a periodical survey of the prisons, in the course of which, visits of greater or less length may be paid by him to the cells of each or any of the criminals. An unfortunate woman, whose husband had been confined for upwards of a year, and who had in vain solicited permission to see him, at length, in despair, applied to the archbishop, whose office, however, gave him no power of furnishing her with the required permission. Much moved, however, by the poor creature's misery, the humane man remembered her petition, and on the occasion of his next official visit to the prison, sent word to her to join the train which usually attended his progress on these occasions. Arrived at the cell where her husband was incarcerated, he bade the woman enter it, and sat himself at the dungeon-door for an hour, during which space of time the unfortunate people enjoyed once more the blessing of being reunited.

SONNET.

If there were any power in human love,
 Or in th' intensest longing of the heart,
 Then should the oceans and the lands that part
 Ye from my sight all unprevailing prove,
 Then should the yearning of my bosom bring
 Ye here, thro' space and distance infinite ;
 And life 'gainst love should be a baffled thing,
 And circumstance 'gainst will lose all its might.
 Shall not a childless mother's misery
 Conjure the earth with such a potent spell—
 A charm so desperate—as to compel
 Nature to yield to her great agony ?
 Can I not think of ye till ye arise,
 Alive, alive, before my very eyes ?

Livy, Horace, Nibby, and Arnold, having excited an intense curiosity in my mind upon the

subject of Mount Algidus,—the historians, from their incessant reference to it as the favourite encampment of all the early enemies of Rome ; and the poet and antiquarian, from their description of its savage and romantic wildness,—it was determined that we should make an expedition thither ; and, accordingly, having ordered on the donkeys, we set forth in the carriage as far as the road was held to be carrozzabile. We drove along the Latian valley, between the heights of Monte Cavo and Tusculum ; the way, sandy and level, was divided into parallel strips of road by lovely islands of flowering broom, hawthorn, and sweet-briar. At the distance of about eight miles from Frascati, we reached the end of our journey on wheels, arriving at one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld—a wide, circular plain, surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills ; in the midst, a shallow, sparkling lake—numerous herds of the noble grey oxen of the campagna grazing about, or standing knee-deep in the bright pool—a long stone




fountain, with about twenty shepherds grouped around it—and between the sunny hills, where their sloping lines intersected each other, glimpses into purple mountain distances beyond. It was a perfectly ideal landscape, such as I have only seen once before in my life, at the twin lakes of Salisbury, in Connecticut. We began our progress up the mountain under the guidance of an old herdsman, who, though between sixty and seventy years old, stumped fast and firm before us ; his keen eyes glittering under white eyebrows, his ruddy cheeks glowing like winter apples, and his open shirt showing a brown brawny breast covered with curling silver hairs,—a most robust specimen of hale old age. He was armed and supported by a stout long staff, with a heavy knob at one end, such as they use to drive the cattle with, and followed by a sort of black lurcher. We presently entered a fine forest of chestnut trees ; some felled trunks lay here and there, of monstrous girth ; others doomed to the same fate still stood erect,

all charred and black, their vitals burnt out, and yet still wearing their fresh and vigorous coronal of green. We came frequently upon charcoal pits, the only human token in this savage place, which reminded me exceedingly of the forest scenery in America; with this difference, that there was less variety in the wood, and none of those exquisite mountain torrents, which I have always found in similar scenes among the mountains in America. The single chestnut trees, that reared themselves amid the tangled wilderness of undergrowth, were, I think, the finest I ever saw. We now began to perceive decided symptoms of fright and excessive ill-humour in our donkey guides, who seemed unwilling to adventure themselves in the savage solitudes of the Algidus. They had read, I believe, neither Horace nor Nibby, but tradition of much later date gave this mountain forest to Gasperoni and his banditti as their chief stronghold, and the intimate acquaintance our old guide professed with the former haunts, persons, and practices of


these worthies did not seem at all to re-assure our valiant protectors, who, nevertheless, impelled by our rashness, were fain to follow our guide, who, with sturdy determination, plunged into the green billows of the forest, leading the way through paths utterly invisible, for the upward-springing and downward-hanging vegetation, and where the movement he made as he waded through the thickets was all the indication we had of our way. ———, on his invaluable little campagna pony, followed close on his heels, my sister on her donkey, with Antonio next, and I brought up the rear with my little Flibbertigibbet, whose bright eyes peering up from among the bushes, where he walked invisible, was all that I could discern of him while he led my donkey. The verdant curtains of the wood, thrust aside as we passed, closed immediately behind each of us, leaving those who followed to divine the course of those before, by the disturbed waving of the boughs, and their voices calling through the thick foliage. But for the bird-nets

here and there spread between the summits of the high trees, we might have imagined that no human creature but ourselves ever traversed this labyrinth, where, more than once, our old guide himself mistook the way, to the infinite dismay and discomfort of the others. Suddenly, in the midst of most appropriate discourses touching the bandit who formerly infested this mountain, Antonio hailed, in a voice of stupendous terror something that he saw moving among the boughs. A boy's voice responded shrill and clear through the leafy screen, and our donkey hero resumed his blustering, bullying demeanour, transferred his fright to the more becoming expression of indignant astonishment at the boy's lonely presence in that solitude, where he could not possibly have any particular business or pleasure, according to his thinking. Our guide told us, that some years ago, when Lucien Buonaparte was passing the summer at the Villa Rufinella, the bandits made a descent upon the house, and carried off a French painter who was staying



there, supposing that they had secured the prince, who, having had the alarm, escaped through a window, while his less illustrious fellow-countryman was conveyed by the brigands to the recesses of the Algidus ; here they kept him until Lucien Buonaparte relieved his very unwilling proxy by paying a ransom of three hundred scudi for him. Our way was becoming, in the meantime, more and more intricate, and we were really not sorry when we reached an open space near the top of the mountain. We here left our beasts with Augusto Flibbertigibbet, and climbed, and crept, and clung our way up by ten thousand impossible turns and scramblings, to some huge blocks of ancient wall, amid which we seated ourselves ; and ——— and our guides left us to explore more fully the ruinous remains. While we sat there alone, two men came by, armed, the one with a gun, and the other with a hatchet ; they looked at us, naturally enough, and we were rather frightened—I think naturally enough too ; but either “they were

not the men we took them for," or we did not look worth ransoming, so they went on : and presently ——— and our guides returned, and we descended, not without repeatedly missing our way, to the place where we had left the boy and the donkeys. Here, high throned above a mountain of most noble forest, we looked over the deep valleys below, and the great hill shoulders with their mantles of green ; and having rested and lunched, we set forth to descend the mountain on the other side. For a while we followed a path that, though really not two feet wide, and with branches and roots intersecting it every two yards, might have been called a turnpike, in comparison with that by which we had come. Presently, however, our neatherd made demonstrations of replunging into the twilight vaults of the forest, whereat the heroic Antonio fell into another agony of apprehension. We passed through a glen, where the chestnut trees were the finest I ever saw. ——— said it was no wonder Diana loved the Algidas ; and it seemed



to me as if the silver sandals of the huntress must shine presently upon the path, and the rustling of her quiver be heard in the awful solitude. Our guide now struck fairly again into the deep wood, and Antonio broke out into open rebellion, whereupon the old bandit's companion told him, that unless he intended to spend the night in the woods, which he would leave him to do if he preferred it, he must follow the path he was taking. This suggestion silenced Parolles, and we proceeded, and finally achieved our exit from the forest, our descent from the mountain, and our return to the open plain, with its sandy roads all overarched with golden canopies of broom, the broad daylight and level land comforting more or less all our spirits. Infinite discourse went forward touching Gasperoni and his band—their exploits and daring—their good dealings, at least according to our guide, with the poor peasantry, from whom they never took anything in the shape of provisions, without liberally paying for it—their

final betrayal through the means of a priest. And when it came to this clerical climax, it was really most curious to hear the men, and even the lad leading my donkey, break into one hearty and simultaneous execration of the priesthood, under whose dominion they live; their hardness and indifference to the poor; their avarice, their rapacity, their profligacy, their hypocrisy. God knows, it was enough to make one ask how long a government, thus esteemed by its subjects, could possibly endure; because, with all due allowance made for the character of the authority from which we were receiving these details, there was obvious truth enough in what they said, to make the vehement accordance with which they all bore witness to it most striking. Our guide wound up by assuring us, that, contrary to the common opinion, Gasperoni himself had never been taken alive; he rejected the imputation even, I thought, with rather a touch of indignation; spoke of his *intimate personal* acquaintance

with Gasperoni, whom he described as eminently striking looking and handsome ; said he had seen him himself after he was shot, with a number of his comrades, at the time of the destruction of the band ; and ended with adding, that the robber confined in the prison at Civita Vecchia (*where he himself had passed some time in his company*), and always shown to visitors as Gasperoni, was one Salvatore, the principal companion and friend of the brigand-chief. We listened with considerable interest to these very authentic details, and remembered them with still more, when we afterwards heard that our sturdy old guide to the Algidus had been himself one of Gasperoni's famous band. ——— had loitered behind, and after regaining the carriage we drove on at a brisk rate, leaving him to follow ; and for some time after we reached home, as he did not appear, we were rather anxious about him ; but he finally rejoined us, and related how, having found our old guide after we had parted from him at the

shepherd's fountain, and offered to pay him for his trouble in escorting us, the latter had most conscientiously informed him that he had already paid him—a worthy member of Gasperoni's band, truly!

In my early walks about the neighbourhood of our beautiful villa, I have made numerous acquaintances among the country-people, whom I meet at work in the vineyards, and have been able to form some notion of the general condition of those inhabiting Frascati and its vicinity. They are for the most part good-natured, friendly folk, who generally commence our intercourse by asking me if I am not afraid to walk alone, which gives me an indifferent opinion either of their honesty or their courage; but I believe the latter is chiefly in fault. One morning lately I met a young peasant girl, who, although in the same predicament herself, exclaimed, with much apparent astonishment, “Ma come, siete sola!” to which, or rather to my own thoughts, I answered, “Si; sola, sola;” to which, or perhaps


to her own thoughts, the girl replied, "E meglio sola che mal accompagnata."—God keep her in that mind!

The peasantry of this district find their chief occupation in tending the vines, with which the hills are principally covered, and which form the agricultural wealth of the small communities gathered in their fortress-like looking villages, on the summit of the eminences that are, as it were, a sort of intermediate step between the level plain of the campagna and the summits of the Alban and Sabine hills. In the spring, the raising the plants, and restoring them to the support of the canes that for the most part prop them, and which the snows, which sometimes lie heavy on these mountain sides, beat down, is the earliest process. Towards the end of May, the enclosures are filled with companies of peasants, chiefly girls and women, busied in removing the tendrils from the vines, by breaking off which, the surplus vigour, diverted into those twining and profuse offshoots, is restored to the

fruitbearing parts of the plant, which are now in full blossom. Towards the beginning of September, the same female troops spread themselves over the vineyards, removing almost all the graceful and beautiful foliage from the vines, so as at once to give the fruit the full benefit of its last month's genial sunning, and to render the work of stripping the branches off for the vintage quicker and easier. The end of September and the beginning of October is the season of the grape gathering and wine making, when the entire population seems poured into the vineyards: the whole country resounds with the loud monotonous nasal howl which, I am sorry to say, is the national music of this part, at any rate, of the land of song; and the warm air is tipsy with the smell of the grapes, borne in tubs on the backs of mules, in incessant procession up every steep winding village path, to the huge vats, where the process of treading them is performed.

From the glory and the grace of the fragrant

vine-bunches, hanging like precious grapes of amethyst and amber, with their exquisite bloom on them, under their fresh glittering leaves, to the half-smashed dirty amalgamation of bruised discoloured berries, and stalks jolted to a sort of ill-looking *purée aux pois*, in nasty high narrow tubs on a mule's back ; and then again from even that to the hideous-looking red-brown scum, in which a hairy, sweating, brawny peasant prances, with his breeches rolled more than half-way up his thighs, and his limbs besmeared as though with blood, with the revolting-looking contents of the huge vat, in which he takes his exercise, there is a declension in beauty and poetry not to be described. The vintage over, the agricultural labours of the women of this neighbourhood end. The gathering of the olives is principally performed by the men, and is often protracted far into the winter, when the cold, even on the lower slopes of these hills, is sometimes very severe. As soon as they have done busying themselves with the



vines, the women take up a life of spinning, as incessant as the German female knitting existence. I asked several of the vine-labourers the amount of their wages, and the answer was the same throughout the neighbourhood—two pauls, or twenty bajocchi, about tenpence a-day for the men, and for the women half as much. I never can refrain from contrasting the price of labour in Europe with its value in America ; and used often and often both to smile and sigh when I heard this, and remembered the dollar (four and sixpence) a-day, which is the lowest pay of the lowest day-labourer in America ; and that such a thing as a woman labouring in the fields is not known from one end to another of the free States. Of course, as might be naturally expected, they are among the hardest worked of the miserable slave population of the South ; the pay of a sort of *garde champêtre*, (gamekeepers they cannot be called, because there is no game), of which each of the estates adjoining ours has one

or more, is six scudi a month, and some sort of residence for himself and family—often some half-ruined portion of a dismantled farm-house, or even tumble down palazzo. The flax of which their women spin and weave themselves all the coarse linen garments that they wear, grows in the flat lands of the campagna, where they pay, for the privilege of planting it, a sort of ground-rent to the land-owner; they cut, and carry, and hackle it all themselves, and spin it without the more modern invention even of the spinning-wheel, but with nothing but that most primitive and elegant implement—the spindle. I could not discover such a thing as a fly-loom in all Frascati; but women working at exceedingly clumsy and wretched old hand-loom told me, that one paul a-day, that is about five-pence, was the most that they could earn with their utmost diligence. So antiquated a machine as a hand-loom, I suppose, could hardly be found now in Philadelphia; but a worker there at the fly-loom earns, without the slightest difficulty, a


dollar and a half, or between six and seven shillings a day ; the wages of handicraftsmen and artisans, such as carpenters, bricklayers, and masons, in these small villages in the vicinity of Rome, are very fair, amounting to about a scudo a day ; not, indeed, equal to the nine dollars a week of an industrious American journeyman, but still, compared with the agricultural wages, excellent.

In speaking, as I perpetually do, of the extraordinary advantage workmen in America enjoy over the same class in England, and other countries in Europe, I do not wish at all to be understood to state, that they can live more cheaply on the other side of the Atlantic ; for directly the reverse is the case, as I have been repeatedly assured by members of the working classes who had emigrated from England to America, and who found living there much dearer than in the old country. The only item of expenditure that is really cheap in Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, is

food. Provisions are infinitely cheaper than in England ; and if men could live by bread alone, the difference between the costliness of existence in the New and Old World would indeed be immense. But almost everything else necessary for physical existence is either as dear or dearer than in England ;—all materials for and articles of clothing infinitely dearer and by no means so good ; all implements of industry, whether mechanical or agricultural, infinitely dearer and not so good ; fuel as dear, or dearer ; and house-rent for the poorer classes much upon the same scale in both countries. With regard to the advantage that might be derived from the great abundance and cheapness of food, a law of apparently universal application in human affairs holds good, and that which is cheaply and easily procured is lavishly used and most frequently wasted. The Americans are, in almost every respect, the most extravagant people I have ever seen : among the wealthier classes an inordinate ostentation and love of display, and among

the poorer ones a reckless disregard of economy in the details of daily expenditure, are, perhaps, a very natural result of the ease with which money is earned, and the rapidity with which fortunes are made in that country of hitherto unexhausted resources and unexampled activity. But anything like the carefulness and scrupulous management in the adjustment of means and expenditure practised in England, not only by the poorer, but by the middling classes, is unknown in any class in America. The perfect proportions kept between the income and the outlay by the majority of English people of moderate means, is a thing unknown to the same class of people on the other side of the water. There is one very sad reason for this : the frightful fever for speculation ; the gambling propensity prevalent to a most extraordinary extent in America ; the thirst for excitement, so keen, that nothing but perpetual political contest, and incessant suspension of fortune, between sudden wealth or as sudden destitu-

tion, can sufficiently minister to it. This extraordinary national characteristic, arising, doubtless, in great part from the natural, but withal unexampled, impulse given by free institutions in a *new world* to a young and energetic society, is one of the most remarkable, and I should almost say appalling, peculiarities of the present American people. When it can be said that not stock-jobbers and brokers; bankers and men of financial speculation; and merchants, men of commercial speculation, alone, but almost every professional man in Philadelphia, at one time—lawyer, physician, and, I believe I might almost add, clergyman—was engaged in some scheme, some hazard, some speculation, for the rapid, or rather sudden increase of his fortune; a chance which of course involved its opposite chance of sudden ruin; it will easily be conceived how absolutely destructive such a state of things must be of everything like habits of economy or the regular management and careful administration of certain means. I have heard



American women repeatedly say, that their husbands never informed them of anything relating to their affairs ; that they had not the remotest idea of the amount of their income ; and that it was the most unusual thing among them for a woman to be at all aware of the extent of her husband's means. To English lawyers', physicians', clergymen's, or professional men's wives, whose task it is invariably to hold the proportion between their husband's income and the necessary outlay of their families, this state of things appears incredible ; but it ceases to be so singular, when one reflects that a man engaged in wild speculations, which may at any moment double or treble his fortune, or sweep from him the bare means of existence, cannot very well consider himself possessed of any fixed income, or reckon his certain means at any specific sum. Nor is it very likely that any man would care to burthen the heart and mind of his wife, in the midst of her domestic duties and anxieties, with the intense nervous expectation—

the incessant tension of acute apprehension—of a condition hovering perpetually between such reverses of fortune. That uncertainty which necessarily belongs alone to the results of certain peculiar callings, and the extreme of which wisdom and foresight in those exercising them endeavour as much as possible to guard against, a whole nation by choice and deliberation (if such madness can be so called) incurs. This will sufficiently account for the absence of anything like a judicious regulation of expenditure and practice of economy among the wealthier portions of the community in America ; as it accounts too, sufficiently enough, for the innumerable failures, ruins, bankruptcies, sudden uprisings of sudden large fortunes, sudden fallings in of equally large ones,—banishment of well-educated, luxuriously bred families, to the wild regions of the west, and all the extraordinary fluctuations in the social character of American cities—mutations unexampled in their number and rapidity, and which deprive society there of

all stability, consistency, and dignity, and do away with half the advantages of wealth, by its perpetual shifting from reckless and careless hand to hand. To these causes too, doubtless, may be attributed the frightful prevalence of insanity, that most awful of human liabilities, that most frequent result of turning life into a desperate game of chance, and the instances of which so far outnumber in America those known in Europe. But, to return to the poorer classes, English labourers and artisans going to America, find food amazingly cheap, and gradually and naturally relax in the strict and penurious economy they are obliged to practise with regard to it in their own country, where it is very dear. A step further, however, leads to an almost inevitable transition in human affairs, from use to abuse : the American labourers and artisans squander food ; they have rather a contempt for economy in this particular, and ignorance in many places is as fruitful of extravagance as recklessness itself. For instance, I know a part


of New England, where the good housewives are in the habit of throwing away their *calves' heads* and *feet* as useless and unprofitable portions of the animal. To the English poor, therefore, the benefits of the abundant cheap provisions of the Western world are soon neutralised by this change of domestic economy ; the ease with which employment is obtained, and its ample compensation, still remain as sufficient inducements for emigration ; to which must never be forgotten to be added, the wide field open to every species of industry, which, by affording ample means of subsistence to all who will labour, relieves the heart of the poor man from the dire pressure of anxiety for his children, and converts into the blessing it was intended to be, that offspring, which in England becomes to the unfortunate labourer or artisan his heaviest burthen and the bitterest curse of his existence, —throwing over a present, made tolerably prosperous only by incessant efforts, the dismal shadow of an uncertain future, and the haunting

apprehension for the fate of those whose sole dependence in life is a desperate struggle, with innumerable competitors, whose poverty and industry choke up with ceaseless and unavailing efforts every channel of employment; where the most strenuous endeavour barely wards off immediate misery, and never protects from heart-sickening uncertainty.

These inducements America still holds forth to the harassed poor of Europe; these, and the privilege not only of present existence, but of progress in the social scale. A few years of industry and economy may convert the poorest emigrant into a lord of the soil in the great fertile wilderness, into whose ample bosom the crowded populations of ancient lands are daily pouring themselves, and where the unfettered action of human activity and energy resembles the healthful coursing of the blood through the veins of a child, unimpeded by ligaments and compressions, and left to move and grow as God has ordained.

The terrible malaria infesting the Roman campagna, and extending its pestilential influence considerably up the hill sides, accounts sufficiently for the absence of scattered dwellings and isolated habitations among the vineyards, that drop their green folds to the mountain's feet. Security, too, in earlier and more savage times, probably induced the labourers to huddle together in villages, under the doubtful protection of some feudal lord, as at Colonna, rather than live scattered in separate farms and cottages; and the combination of both motives caused the gathering of swarming populations into the rock-perched hamlets that are planted on every tolerably accessible eminence all round the great curtain of hills that—except towards the sea—bound the Roman horizon. These villages, many of them springing up from such pinnacles as to be most difficult of access, form one of the most picturesque features of that landscape of unequalled variety and beauty; and from a certain distance, raising their time-stained and irregular buildings

high up against the admirable purity and brilliancy of the sky—their steep rocky foundations giving them almost the appearance of fortresses, —they delight the eye and invite the approach of the beholder ; but let him be satisfied with their distant aspect ; it is infinitely their best, and a nearer approach will only produce, in recompense for toiling up steep, stinking, slippery streets, lined with squalid habitations, and thronged with filthy inhabitants, the commonest of all earthly experiences—disappointment. The peasants, thus perched above their land of labour, go forth at early morning and return in the evening to their pinnacles. A general attendance at mass precedes their descent to the plain, and the Ave Maria calls them home again from field and vineyard in multitudinous streams of toil-weary life, climbing the steep paths back towards their rocky abodes. It is a dreadful pity that it is utterly impossible to reverse the order of nature, so that they could go down in the evening and up in the morning before their day's work ; with



the utmost exercise of ingenuity, however, I never could discover any mode of so adjusting it.

The exalted station of their homes appeared to be a double hardship to the women ; for the fountains where they wash, and where they procure all the water for their household purposes, are generally at a considerable distance below the villages,—at Monte Porzio, nearly half a mile ; at the beautiful village of Rocca Priori, much further down the precipitous mountain road : and, admirable as the groups often are at these picturesque watering-places, and beautiful the antique form of the copper vessels which the women bear on their heads returning from them, it grieves my heart to meet them, as we do perpetually in our rides, toiling thus burthened up the steep ascent. Their houses and lodgings are wretchedly dirty and miserable, often half ruinous and dismantled tenements, without glazing to the windows ; and yet, it seems to me, more wretched, from want of cleanliness and care, than they need be ; but, alas ! for the

law "to those who have shall be given," &c. It is one of the most deplorable effects of poverty, that those afflicted with it have less of the conservative principle than those who have more to lose, and waste what their better-off would save. The Italian peasants live literally out of doors ; they eat at morning and evening in huge dingy sort of cellars, where they congregate for that purpose, in places like vaults, with earthen floors, and the coarsest wooden tables and settles. The idea of preparing or eating food in their own houses or lodgings, is, I believe, a thing undreamt of among them ; and in this respect, indeed, they do but follow the demoralising practice of the best classes of Roman workmen and artisans, who invariably, and without exception, take their meals—wives, children, and all—at the trattoria or osteria *cuccinante*, where the unemployed portion of the family loiter and lounge through the greater part of the day, retiring to what in England would be called their home, but which here really

cannot be so entitled, merely to sleep. Not the total want of domesticity in their habits, or the absence of decent cleanliness and comfort in their abodes, however, can amaze the English traveller half as much, especially if he have, like myself, resided long in America, as the universal spirit of shameless pauperism which the inhabitants of this most beautiful and fertile region exhibit.

The idea of degradation attached to that of beggary never seemed to enter their heads; nor, at the end of infinite appeals and remonstrances to them upon the subject during my summer residence among them, have I ever been able to produce any impression other than expressed itself in an air of ludicrous perplexity. Once, and once alone, at the end of an eloquent discourse to a woman who accosted me in the street of Frascati, and who was sitting very comfortably at her door spinning, while her children, very well clothed and munching very substantial lumps of bread, rolled round her in

the disgusting street, an old woman, who listened to what I was addressing to her neighbour, said, that it was just enough ; for that they who were healthy could work, and that those only ought to beg who could not. This was the only convert I am conscious of having made ; the rest of my auditory grinned round me in unconvinced good humour. The truth is, they beg not at all from absolute want and destitution, but as an easy way of earning money. They hate trouble, how right they are ! (and how wrong !) and find the half paul thrown them by the forestieri, in reply to their sometimes most indolent “ *Dammi qualche cosa,*” better pay than the whole one wrought out of their whole day’s labour in the vines. Food is abundant and cheap in this land of corn, wine, and oil ; and, judging from the generally comfortable clothing of even the poorest classes here, and the absence of rags and tatters among them, I should suppose clothing was not dear ; but they need but little under their beneficent

heavens. Italians of all classes seem to abhor the proximity of fire ; and the crazy shelters whither they retire for the night suffice for protection against the short-lived inclemency of their winter season. I think, therefore, upon the whole, that the incessant clamour for alms set up by the whole population of these districts, not being really the result of what one would at first suppose it—absolute starvation, should rather be considered in the light of industry : it is the only form of it that I ever saw any of them zealous in. There are in these villages nothing resembling public poor-houses or regular provision made for the poor by the public ; in all the churches there are poor-boxes, and contributions or quêtes are levied frequently on the religious festivals and saint-days. The curates are obliged, as part of their parochial duty, to look after and assist the poor ; and a surgeon and physician, of very tolerable ability, are paid by most of these small communities for the gratuitous relief of the sick, whose means

are too small to admit of their procuring such succour for themselves. Their salary, however, is extremely miserable. At Monte Porzio, which is a very populous village, about two miles from Frascati, the public Esculapius receives but fifteen scudi a month for the healing of the commonwealth. In Frascati there exists a society of charitable women calling themselves Sisters of Charity, without, however, peculiar vows or dresses—twenty-four of them being more properly *sœurs visitandines*,—while they admit into their ranks an unlimited number of merely subscribing members. This society, as some of its members who called upon us for money in aid of their benevolent efforts informed us, was chiefly, however, for the relief of the bed-ridden, infirm and incapable of work. As for the able-bodied, stout, and only disinclined to work, they come up, day after day, to claim our charitable assistance, and the claims put forth by some of them are really irresistibly ludicrous sometimes. Thus, my sister had a visit some days ago from a

strapping damsel, who brought a petition written for her, and setting forth, that, wishing to enter the holy estate of wedlock, and being without means, money, or friends, she implored the succour of the charitably disposed to enable her "*di far decete il letto matrimoniale.*" My sister ventured to suggest, that marrying under circumstances, which might with propriety be called so uneasy, did not appear to her a very prudential measure ; the devotee to Hymen, however, merely responded, "*eh, come si ha da far ?*" with a grin and a shrug, and that really was so unanswerable a suggestion, that it put an end to further representations of expediency.

The schools for the poor in these villages are under the direction of the priests of course, and the course of instruction to which they are subjected bears witness thereto. I have frequently looked over the small library of school-books, which the peasant lads of the neighbourhood were carrying with them thither, and among as many as five class books have never found more

than one that was not a *religious* book, and that one was always—ponder, oh ye utilitarians!—a grammar. The rest were always catechisms, mass books, and collections of bible stories—not taken verbatim from the Scripture, but paraphrased by some better master. The chief, indeed the only, diversions of the people are their religious festivals, which occur so frequently as effectually to break up all habits of industry : no work is done on a festa, and I should say every third day in the week, on an average, was sacred to some saint, or rather to the great god of the Italians—Idleness. These religious celebrations have less of a devotional character than could be imagined by any one not assisting at them. They are enlivened by an incessant firing of guns and crackers ; horse-races, donkey-races, and foot-races generally go forward during some part of the day, and the holy evening closes with some display of fire-works. At the festival of San Salvatore, a species of religious play-bill was sent all round this neighbourhood, setting forth the

various amusements to which, as well as to the saint, the day was consecrated. The dresses of the peasants, who on these occasions assemble on the town piazza, before the principal church, are extremely picturesque ; and the uncommon beauty of many of the figures and faces, both of men and women, makes such gatherings still more striking. The great superiority of these southern people in physical comeliness over our northern races is wonderful. It is not only positive beauty of form and brilliancy of colouring, but a noble carriage, an ease, a grace, a dignity in all their movements, and above all the grand style of their heads, that makes them pre-eminently subjects for artistical illustration. It is only in Italy that I have seen men's faces as positively beautiful as women's, and that frequently—in England, I remember but one instance of the sort.

The inhabitants of these small villages appear to participate heartily in the Roman passion for lotteries, and these mischievous institutions take

up large portions of their slender means, encouraging amongst them the demoralising spirit of gambling, and the most unbounded superstition ; not one of them who can read but has his book of lottery numbers always about him, and no event of the four-and-twenty hours occurs without (if he has the means) his referring it to its appointed figure, and immediately risking some portion of his earnings on the hazard.

M. ——— gave us a most amusing account of a servant of his, at whose feet a man suddenly fell dead in the street. He instantly seized his lottery book, took the number of the accident, the number of the house, and the hour of the day, and the numbers corresponding to the word “steeple,” one being in sight ; and then ran off to the lottery, to embark as much as he could, or could not, afford, upon these various ventures. These abominable institutions are government speculations ; and in these little villages Sunday is a favourite day for drawing the lottery, round the door and window of which an eager crowd,

many of whom are often priests, is gathered on the day of declaring the results.

I was surprised to find a great deal of inebriety, amounting in some instances that came to our personal knowledge to habitual drunkenness, among the peasantry here. I had thought that a vice confined to our colder climates and more stagnant blood ; but I think the "*spaccio di acqua vitae*" is almost as frequent here as are our gin palaces in London ; and though the same amount of habitual intoxication among the lower orders does not exist, habits of intemperance are infinitely more common, especially here in the country, than I had any idea of ; boys of twelve and fourteen years old not unfrequently getting drunk upon spirits at an early hour in the day. God knows they need no such stimulants to increase the fiery temper of their blood—their sober gusts of passion are something appalling, and the fatal *cottellata* is the most frequent umpire of their furious controversies.

The general disposition of the people in Fras-

cati and our neighbourhood appears indolent, vivacious, intelligent, dishonest, lying, bragging, passionate, and withal good-natured, and monstrous cowardly. I say their disposition in this neighbourhood, for a very small geographical distance here (it is averred by the people themselves) makes, for some cause or another, an amazing difference in the character of whole villages. Thus, the Frascatani are considered “buona gente,” “buono sangue”—the inhabitants of Tivoli, about eighteen miles off, quite the contrary—and there is a little village about five miles from here called Marino, where the people are “cattivissimo sangue,” notorious for their savage and lawless disposition. This is very curious—lying in the same folds of these beautiful mountains, enriched by the same benignant vegetation, smiled upon by the same still gracious heavens, with neither difference of soil or climate to account for it, it seems hardly credible that any original difference of race can have existed, or at any rate

have perpetuated itself in communities so little distant, and whose habits and mode of life appear so similar ; yet I remember —— said that he believed that one reason why the people of Tivoli were “cattivo sangue” was, that in all the inroads of the Germans into these parts of Italy from the earliest times, dregs of their tribes had settled like bad lees here, and that he attributed to this fact the less purely Italian character of the people : this greater, or perhaps I should say different savageness of the northern savage, grafted on the southern savage, makes a most brutal and hateful admixture ; and the saying among the Italians themselves is, “che un tedesco italianizzato e il diavolo incarnato.” By the bye, in a notch of the Sabine hills, on a peak to which the bright finger of the sun sometimes points dazzlingly amid their purple masses, stands a most curious and wild village called Saracenesco. The people here, it is averred, are really a remnant of the Saracenic invasions of Italy, part of some tribe of the eastern bar-

barians having remained and settled on this single point. The inhabitants of this poor and miserable hamlet are darker, and of a different physiognomy, from the Italian dwellers in the Sabine range, and the name of their village perpetuates the tradition of their different blood.

Riding round the convent of Grotta Ferrata the other day, ——— gave me a most curious account of the Monks there, which ——— confirmed since by a similar narration; and which, I think, fully entitles the brethren of the convent, if not the rest of the inhabitants of Grotta Ferrata, to the qualification of eminently “cattivo sangue.” For some years past, it seems that the disorders of this fraternity had been an absolute scandal, calling loudly, but in vain, for reform. The idle dissoluteness of the priests surpassed even the large licence given them here for both laziness and profligacy; and among other agreeable distractions to the monotony of their monastic life had finally been the introduction of women into the convent, and getting up

of private theatricals with their assistance. While matters were thus prospering, and the holy fathers cultivating the drama, and devoting themselves to the Muses and Graces, their abbot died, and a new abbot, of a different temper, replaced him. A reform was immediately set on foot by him, which, however, the godly community vehemently resisted. A man of determined spirit, and resolute in his purpose of suppressing the scandalous abuses of the community over which he had been called to preside, he found himself engaged in absolute warfare with his refractory "sons," which warfare speedily became more than moral, inasmuch as one fine night, having purposely fired a blank cartridge at his window in order to attract him to it, some of the worthy brotherhood followed up the alarm by directing a well-aimed bullet at their abbot: on his guard, however, against this infamous attempt, the incensed superior immediately proceeded to Rome, to complain to the Pope, and demand enforcement of his rights, and the punish-

ment of the rebellious members of his community. The monastery, however, is a very rich and influential one, and contrived so well to deafen the ears to which this appeal was made, that every effort was used in Rome to dissuade the superior from pursuing his purpose of bringing his convent into subjection ; higher and more advantageous positions were proffered him, which he indignantly rejected, desiring to be empowered to fulfil his duty in the station to which he had been appointed. The venal and abominable authorities to whom, however, he thus appealed, were entirely sold to the party of the monastery, and the man was allowed actually to die of mortification and sorrow under the entire failure of his incessant attempts to obtain justice from the depraved tribunal to which he appealed. What manner of superior succeeded him I did not hear, nor whether the worthy friars were still busy getting up Goldoni in the sacred precincts of the cloister. Their ignorance is such, ——— assured me, that though professing to be Greek Catho-

lics, their mass books had need to be put into Latin for them, as they had even lost the comprehension of the Greek character. Their convent, besides being most beautifully situated at the green foot of Monte Cavo, boasts of treasures of art, in the shape of some fine frescoes by Domenichino; and their library contains some precious samples of palimpsest manuscript.

SONNET.

Thy mother's name fills thy young eyes with
tears,
Oh, my belov'd! they have not taught thee yet
That hapless mother's image to forget.
Ah! they may trust the cruel coming years,
Whose wings shall brush that waning form away,
While, trooping by, the pageant grand and gay
Of life shall fill the mirror of thy sight;
Its last faint lineaments effacing quite.

So must it be, while from my aching heart
Thy blessed, lovely vision day by day
All other images shall chase away,
Till one by one all other forms depart,
And I am left haunted by the dear sadness
Of that one presence into longing madness.

I have been reading with much interest a small volume, published, I think, in Paris, of very pestilent matter, as it is considered here, being a collection of forbidden treatises upon political subjects—Azeglia's *Ultime Case della Romagna*, a striking report upon the late trials (!!!) of the insurrectionists at Bologna, Foligno, &c., by Capponi; the whole collection closing with a most curious address to the last Pope, Gregory XVI., by an American clergyman, of the New England States, which very forcible statement of the evils of His Holiness's government, will, I am afraid, never have come under his cognizance. These pamphlets, for they are none

of them, not even Azeglia's publication, anything more in bulk, are full of interest, and appeal most pathetically by their mere statement of facts to the whole heart of humanity, in behalf of this beautiful, but most oppressed country. Since I have read them, however, a marvellous sequel has transpired to the episode of Renzi, the Roman patriot, whose peculiar and pre-eminent share in the last liberal movements under Gregory the XVI. made him individually an object of so much interest to those who sympathised with it.

When such of the unfortunate men implicated in these ill-fated attempts as escaped the tremendous inquisition of the especial tribunals, immediately organised to punish the past and suppress the future efforts of the reformers, had made their way out of the Roman states, and, escaping through Tuscany, saved themselves, by an exile of utter destitution and misery, from the deadly vengeance of the papal government, Renzi mysteriously, unaccountably, indeed, re-

turned, and being demanded of the Tuscan authorities, into whose hands he fell, was delivered over to the Roman government, and thrust into prison. Many were the stories and conjectures afloat to account for his lingering, conspicuously odious as he was to the Pope and his ministers, within peril of again falling into their hands. A touching and passionate love story was wrought up with the interest inspired by his devoted patriotism, to add to the sympathy all felt, but none dared express, for his noble misfortunes ; and it was said that his return to Tuscany, and consequent delivery to the Roman government, was the result of an attachment he had formed, and from the object of which he found it impossible to separate himself.

When the act of amnesty, promulgated by Pius IX. immediately on his accession, opened the political dungeons of the Roman states, and set free thousands of wretched men who were expiating in their gloomy chambers their aspirations for their country's good, it

was stated that the Pope himself had had a personal interview with Renzi, who, generally looked upon as a sort of chief and leader of the patriots, made a species of personal act of future homage and loyalty to his sovereign and liberator. It now appears, monstrous as it may seem, that this very man, the seeming patriot, the devoted reformer, the ardent and enthusiastic leader of the unfortunate Italian revolutionists, was, in fact, a spy in the pay of the late Pope's government; as such had been the means of inveigling and betraying hundreds of his countrymen, of whose political tendencies his apparent sympathy had made him aware; as such, and not led by the irresistible impulse of an invincible attachment, he had returned to Tuscany, where his being detained and delivered to the Roman government was a mere continuation of the farce, by which he was to pursue his detestable career of treachery. I think he, rather than Brutus or Cassius, ought to be in company with Judas Iscariot between the teeth of Dante's

great devil. It is remarkable, that, for so long a space of time, this wretch, whose fees from the Roman government were enormous, contrived to deceive the numerous individuals who were given up chiefly through his agency, without exciting the smallest suspicion. One man only is known to have said upon being seized, "Renzi is the only man who can have betrayed me, for he alone was aware of such and such circumstances." This single voice, however, of detection was soon interred in the depths of some political dungeon, and Renzi continued to receive and betray the confidence of hundreds of his wretched compatriots.


It is a curious thing that a rumour was in circulation just before I left Rome that there had been a disturbance in the prisons, and that a spy had been detected and nearly torn to pieces among the prisoners ; moreover, it was supposed that fifty of the political offenders included in the amnesty were still detained—of course without the knowledge of the Pope—for fear they

should make disclosures as to the barbarous treatment they had been subjected to. The late report of the Legate of Spoleto upon the state of the prisons there, represents the condition of persons committed and merely awaiting their trial as something too dreadful if it were the punishment of convicted criminals, instead of persons who may be innocent of any offence: many of them have been kept for months chained to the ground, fed upon bread and water, and repeatedly flogged, at the will either of their gaoler or still higher authorities; and in spite of these detestable iniquities, a commission appointed to visit the prisons and examine the condition of the prisoners, reported most favourably of the whole administration.

Another proscribed book, which I have read with extreme interest, is Amari's History of Sicily during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, embracing the period of the national revolution against the French supremacy, of which the Sicilian vespers was the first out-

break, and which throws some very curious and new light upon the events of that period. As in Niebuhr's Roman History, the romance of the story suffers not a little from the clear and vigorous demonstration of facts with which he encounters the long prevalent traditions respecting Giovanni di Proccida's conspiracy. The style, through an affectation of terseness, is occasionally obscure, and the history itself, from the amazing number of authorities, documents, and references collected by the author to establish the positions he assumes, rather laborious reading; but it is nevertheless highly interesting, and an extremely valuable work, from the immense research and care with which it is compiled. The story of its publication is curious enough. Amari submitted it to the censure at Palermo, where he was living, and received its sanction for the publication. The work, however, was hardly through the press, and ready to be issued, than a revocation of the license to publish it was sent to the author,

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with further injunctions to place the whole edition about to be issued in the hands of the police. Amari, unwilling to see the fruit of so much labour and time, and his just claim to fame and the gratitude of his countrymen, thus arbitrarily sacrificed, rapidly made all preparations for leaving Sicily, packed his precious history in one case, which he put on board a French vessel, sent a carefully-closed box of carrots and other rubbish to personate it to the office of the censorship ; and himself in disguise, with the passport of a friend, embarked immediately for Marseilles. Thither his work safely followed him, and having made his way to Paris, he there issued it, bearing the stamp of Palermo upon its title-page ; and has since republished a second edition in Paris, the work having excited great interest and curiosity, both from its own intrinsic merits, and the circumstances of persecution under which its author gave it to the world.

After going through these various prohibited

publications, I have been entertaining myself with a number of tracts, sent me by my friend ———, all bearing the permission of the censorship upon them, and giving, on the other hand, an excellent idea of the literature that is allowed and encouraged through the Roman States, for the edification of their population. These little pamphlets, each costing a few bajocchi, and containing from six to twenty coarsely-printed pages, are all metrical, and but for their length might perhaps be called ballads. They consist of some clumsy fable, generally opening with an invocation to the Virgin or some of the saints, and closing with a similar apostrophe. Some are legends of incredible conversions, and miraculous performances of saints, rescued from obscurity, I should think, chiefly by these illustrious records of their deeds, —some are accounts of the crimes, atrocities, adventures, and retribution of notorious criminals, bandits, and assassins—some are extraordinary rifaccimentoes of portions of ancient history, such

as the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii. The opening address of one of these, to St. Joseph, is the most ludicrous piece of blasphemy I ever read ; the language and details of every one of these productions (of which I have read upwards of twenty) are low and common in the extreme. There is nothing indecent or immoral in them, though occasionally great coarseness and vulgarity—but upon the last leaf of almost every one, opposite to the pious ejaculations which close the poems, are lottery numbers, and directions for successfully putting into the lottery, and numerous details of tricks of sleight-of-hand, &c. : this is the popular literature printed and disseminated by the Roman clergy, in whose hands the censorship as well as every other branch of the government lodges, among the people, whose minds and souls are committed to their care. One only in the whole number I read was not absolutely and revoltingly stupid, and that was a rambling story of a certain Princess Olive, the tissue of whose adventures, in their variety, im-

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probability, and wildness, reminded me of the subjects of some of our old play-wrights—a more improbable and less interesting web of events than the *Winter's Tale*, or *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, but that style of recital.

DESPAIR.

Whene'er those forms arise before my sight,
E'en as from hideous visions of the night,
I cover up my eyes, I veil my head,
I shrink in terror, and dismay, and dread,
And wave them from me ; and in agony
Unto the saving feet of God I fly,
Lest I be scared to madness with the dream
Of all that I have lost—so that I seem
To loathe that which I love beyond all measure ;
Like to a miser robb'd of his dear treasure,
Clutching for ever a distracting vision
Of gold and jewels, 'twixt the apparition
And his real beggary lash'd to utter madness.

If on the midnight void of my deep sadness,
The dear delusion of your presence shine,
I fear to look upon ye, treasures mine,
Lest the tormented heart and failing brain
Rest in delirium from too fierce a pain ;
Change hopeless sorrow for insanity,
And mental ruin end this misery.
And it were better—better thus to dwell
In a mad Heav'n, than in a conscious Hell ;
Better to lose this lurid light of reason,
Which shows me but a dark and empty prison.
Oh, come, I will not fly ye any more,
Come, come, dear fatal visions, and before
This light of truth, that shows ye are not here,
Spread sweet delusions ! Come, I will not fear ;
Let reason, faith, and fortitude forbear
Their ministry of torture—hail, despair !
And welcome ye, ye long-departed dreams,
In which, once more, my life a blessing seems ;
Oh, gracious shapes ! oh, silver ringing voices !
At whose dear sound my heart once more
 rejoices ;

Oh, floating, glorious braids of sunny hair !
Oh, eyes of morning light, keen, soft, and fair !
Oh, sinless brows of holy innocence !
Stay, stay with me, depart not ever hence ;
Shut out all forms of dire reality.
Beloved phantoms, speak—oh, speak to me
Sweet words of love—walk ever by my side,
The hateful witness of all sense denied ;
Nothing will I behold, nought feel, nought hear,
Save ye, most precious ! ye alone, most dear !
Oh, ye pale ghosts of love and joy, to ye
I dedicate all that remains of me !
I can no more endure, no longer strive,
Madness from sin shall save my soul alive.

Our beautiful summer, hitherto brilliant and splendid, without shadow by day or cloud by night to dim its uninterrupted brightness, is breaking up ; every day, now, the weather becomes less and less certain ; to mornings of serene glory succeed afternoons of scowling

storms; our blue sky is wrapped, day after day, in livid leaden clouds, which shut out our glorious prospects, and surround us with walls of almost palpable darkness, down which the zig-zags of the lightning run like sudden cracks letting through the light; the mountains are shrouded in perpetual mist, and all round the horizon wedges or blocks of solid-looking rain are seen pouring upon the distant landscape. We have not seen my paragon of mountains, Soracte, for a whole day together, for I do not know how long—that beautiful form, that stands like the advanced guard of the Sabine range, isolated from the rest, and rising so symmetrically in the transparent atmosphere, that it looks like some island of the air, more than a mere elevation from the earth's surface; furious winds howl round our abode, and not an afternoon passes without wild gusts of tempestuous rain and heavy thunder storms; it is true, that to these succeed, sometimes, evenings all lighted with a pale golden splendour, illuminating the wide

campagna even to the Mediterranean,—gorgeous processions of resplendent clouds,—rainbow arches spanning the glittering landscape, all steeped in mingled rain and sunlight, and flushes of rosy brightness suddenly suffusing the whole heavens, and reflecting a glow of unutterable richness, softness, and beauty over the whole earth; but the stability of our sweet summer season is shaken; we look doubtfully up to the morning sky, and the promise of its brilliancy no longer satisfies our faith from hour to hour as it has hitherto done, through a succession of perfect days and weeks. Our charming and excellent friend —— is summoned away by the duties of his station to Naples, and a sad breaking up of our serene social atmosphere is the consequence of his departure; he carries away much of the genial warmth and brightness we have lived in all together. ——'s seasons or sojourn among us are becoming necessarily less frequent. ——, after vainly conjuring the heavens to restore to him his beloved “teintes

chaudes," has departed for Paris, and our moral summer, as well as that of the earth, is gradually losing its rays, one by one.

CLOSE OF OUR SUMMER AT FRASCATI.

The end is come : in thunder and wild rain
Autumn has stormed the golden house of
Summer.

She going—lingers yet—sweet glances throwing
Of kind farewell upon the land she loves
And leaves. No more the sunny landscape glows
In the intense, uninterrupted light
And splendour of transparent, cloudless skies ;
No more the yellow plain its tawny hue
Of sunburnt ripeness wears ; even at noon
Thick watery veils fall on the mountain ranges,
And the white sun-rays, with pale slanting
brushes,
Paint rainbows on the leaden-coloured storms.

Thro' milky, opal clouds the lightning plays,
 Visible presence of that hidden power—
 Mysterious soul of the great universe,
 Whose secret force runs in red, human veins,
 And in the glaring, white veins of the tempest,
 Uplifts the hollow earth, the shifting sea ;
 Makes stormy reformations in the sky,
 Sweeping, with searching besoms of sharp winds,
 The foul and stagnant chambers of the air,
 Where the thick, heavy, summer vapours slumber ;
 And, working in the sap of all still-growth,
 In moonlight nights, unfolding leaves and
 blossoms ;
 Of all created life the vital element,
 Appearing still in fire—whether in the sea,
 When its blue waves turn up great swathes of
 stars ;
 Or in the glittering, sparkling, winter ice world ;
 Or in the flickering white and crimson flames,
 That leap in the northern sky ; or in the sparks
 Of love or hate, that flash in human eyes.
 Lo, now, from day to day, and hour to hour,

Broad verdant shadows grow upon the land,
Cooling the burning landscape ; while the clouds,
Disputing with the sun his heaven-dominion,
Chequer the hill-sides with fantastic shadows.
The glorious unity of light is gone,
The triumph of those bright and boundless skies ;
Where, thro' all visible space, the eye met nothing
Save infinite brightness—glory infinite.
No more at evening does the sun dissolve
Into a heaving sea of molten gold ;
While over it a heaven of molten gold
Panted, with light and heat intensely glowing,
While to the middle height of the pure ether,
One deepening sapphire from the amber spreads.
Now trains of melancholy, gorgeous clouds,
Like mourners at an Emperor's funeral,
Gather round the down-going of the sun ;
Dark splendid curtains, with great golden fringes,
Shut up the day ; masses of crimson glory,
Pale lakes of blue, studded with fiery islands,
Bright golden bars, cold peaks of slaty rock,
Mountains of fused amethyst and copper,

Fierce flaming eyes, with black o'erhanging brows,
Light floating curls of brown and golden hair,
And rosy flushes, like warm dreams of love,
Make rich and wonderful the dying day,
That, like a wounded dolphin, on the shore
Of night's black waves, dies in a thousand glories.
These are the very clouds that now put out
The serene beauty of the summer heavens.
The autumn sun hath virtue yet, to make
Right royal hangings for his sky-tent of them ;
But, as the days wear on, and he grows faint,
And pale, and colourless, these are the clouds
That, like cold shrouds, shall muffle up the year,
Shut out the lovely blue, and draw round all—
Plain, hill, and sky—one still, chill, wintry grey.

The end is come ; the golden links are parting,
That in one chain of happy circumstance,
And gentle, friendly, human fellowship,
Bound many hearts for many a day together.
The precious bond dissolves ; one friend departs
With the departing summer, and the end,

Ominous of the loss of all, begins :

Here it begins ; with these first feet, that turn
From walking in the paths of daily life,
Where hand in hand, with peace and joy, all
walked.

And now, from day to day, and hour to hour,
The brightness of our summer-life grows dim ;
The voice that speaks to us from far already,
Soon in the distance shall be heard no more.
The perfect circle of this pleasant life
Hath lost its form—type of eternity—
And lies upon the earth a broken ring,
Token and type of every earthly thing.
Our sun of pleasure hastens towards the west,
But the green freshness of fair memories
Lives over these bright days for evermore ;
The chequered lights, the storms of circumstance,
Shall sweep between us and their happy hours,
But not efface them. Oh, thou wealthy Past,
Thine are our treasures!—thine and ours alone
Thro' thee ; the Present doth in fear rejoice ;
The Future, but in fantasy : but thou

•

Holdest secure for ever and for ever.
 The bliss that has been ours ; nor present woe,
 Nor future dread, can touch that heritage
 Of joy gone by—the only joy we own.

Some of our nights lately have been terrific; the oppression of atmosphere absolutely indescribable, such as to wake me from my sleep with a sensation of immediate suffocation ; the wind, in the meanwhile, raging round the house, and the thunder rolling without intermission from mountain ridge to mountain ridge—the whole air seemed filled with howling, and moaning, and raving fiends ; and though I have witnessed frightful storms—indeed, more violent thunder and lightning a good deal in America, —I never experienced such intolerable atmospheric effects, or saw such a protracted succession of tempests of rain and wind.

It strikes me as quite peculiar to this country, or, at any rate, to this part of it, that after a

most tremendous storm, such as elsewhere would effectually clear, and refresh, and lighten the air, and render the atmosphere at once cooler and lighter, the very same oppressive closeness returns almost immediately ; the atmosphere is as hot and hazy, the clouds as low, the whole air as like lead in colour and weight, and portentously close, as if there had been no *sfogo* of the elements. The physical oppression and mental dejection of this sort of never-ending thunder-storm is not to be described ; there is something positively malignant both in the look and feeling of this weather. The season, however, has been unusual in the intensity of the heat, and the breaking up of the summer is, I suppose, proportionally violent. Yesterday, for a wonder (now), the day was uninterruptedly clear and bright, the morning still and glorious, as was the wont of our former mornings ; and towards the afternoon no storm arose, contrary to the later practice of the weather, to sweep over the sweet and lovely

face of nature. My sister and —— were out on horseback; I had remained at home, and was reading in my own room, occasionally raising my eyes to the spectacle of unequalled beauty which my window commanded. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the world seemed fallen into a deep trance of sunny splendour; suddenly all the windows of my room rattled, a sound like a gust of wind (though there was none) rushed round the house, the floor gave a very slight jog beneath my feet, and I turned excessively sick. Very much astonished at this peculiar process, I went to the next room, to ask if any one had let any heavy thing fall, or had run violently across the floor; the answers, however, were unsatisfactory, and, after a moment's consideration, I became convinced that I had made my first acquaintance with earthquakes. Later in the day, our other friends in the house, who have experienced these shocks before, spoke of it, and confirmed my surmise; and I suppose we have been

enjoying the benefit of some sympathetic communication between the earth's interior economy here and at Leghorn and Pisa, where the late fearful earthquakes have caused such terror and damage to the dwellers upon its surface. In these volcanic regions, ——— says, one always feels nearer to nature than in our nebulous, chilly, northern climates; but I do not know that a nearness revealed by such experiences is altogether agreeable. Some years ago Frascati and all this neighbourhood was visited by very severe shocks of an earthquake; in the grounds of the Villa Rufinella are several cottages, or huts rather, built entirely of thatch and the lightest materials, to which Louis Bonaparte and his family betook themselves during the convulsions; and at Larriccia, where great injury was sustained in consequence of them—houses thrown down and lives lost,—the inhabitants protected themselves, more devoutly perhaps, but less practically, by writing on their doors, “*Viva il sangue di Gesù!*” as a preservative against the dreaded

shocks of the terremoto. After all, this is an amazingly beautiful country, no doubt; but there is something rather “uncannie,” as the Scotch say, in looking into the depths of a smooth lake, and knowing that it fills the place of a boiling fire-pit; or upon the sunny surface of a gently scooped meadow, which was once covered with the crystal waters of a lake—these transformations, and the lava soil on which you stand to admire them, are suggestive of insecurity, and the “sure and firm-set earth” ceases to be to you by any means as comfortable (however much more beautiful) as it is in some of its less picturesque regions. It seems that we are threatened with, or promised, I know not which to say, a new volcano in our immediate vicinity; the Solfatara, the little infernal lake at the foot of the Sabine hills, which one passes on the road from Rome to Tivoli, and whose suffocating sulphureous waters are said to be unsoundable, has, it seems, been sending up slight wreaths of smoke. Similar vapours have been

observed issuing from the sulphuric soil all round it ; and a very lively expectation has been excited of the re-opening of one of the earth's chimneys in this spot, where such a vent for the central fires indubitably existed, although no record of its being in active operation within human memory remains. I should like very well to see the uprising of a volcano from those bituminous waters, though the distance, or rather proximity, to our abode might render the process more interesting than safe to the lookers-on at the Villa Taverna.

Meantime autumn is gradually conquering the year ; our mornings are chilly, our evenings rainy. We have abandoned our beautiful long gallery, opening upon the garden, and have taken refuge in a sunny room of less magnificent dimension. The earth is drenched with incessant torrents of rain, and the day before yesterday, one of our few bright days of late, riding along our favourite and beautiful road through the chestnut woods up to Rocca Priori, we saw one

of the distant peaks of the Sabine range covered with snow. Around us all was enchantingly bright and warm; the whole land was alive with the gay and graceful labours of the vintage; the steep rocks above us, and the deep chestnut forests that rolled far below us again, basked in the rays of the unclouded heavens; but that snow mountain struck a chill to my heart, and I felt the first kiss of the northern ice-god across the sunny valley, that stretched shining and sparkling for miles between me and that ominous vision.

A SUMMONS.

THE FIRST SNOW MOUNTAIN SEEN FROM A SUNNY HILL-SIDE,
NEAR ROCCA PRIORY, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1846.

Look, love, to yonder mountain's brow :
Seest thou that beckoning hand of snow?
Stern Winter dares no further come,
But waves me towards his northern home.

The sun upon this glad earth pours
His blessing, in warm golden show'rs ;
Down the steep path, with busy hum,
The black-eyed sturdy peasants come ;
Patches of colours bright and gay
Hang o'er their cheeks of ruddy brown,
Loud laugh and jest make light their way,
From rock-perch'd hamlets winding down.
The jogging mule goes clattering light,
His wooden tubs to seek their freight ;
While others, with their vintage load,
Strain up the steep and stony road,
And, all the sunny paths along,
Snatches of loud monotonous song
Come down from hill and up from glade,
And thro' the broad-leav'd chestnut shade ;
From vineyards where a merry band
Pile the ripe treasure of the land,
Amber and amethyst shining thro'
Soft purple bloom and sparkling dew.
Dark white-veined glittering ivy, wed
To wreaths of vine-leaves touch'd with red,

Hang from the brown brows of the rocks,—
A garland meet for Bacchus' locks.
The fields, the woods, the air, the ground,
Smell of the vintage all around,
And from the sunny earth and sea
Rises a shout of jubilee.

From this steep road look down, where grow
The chestnut forests deep below ;
Behold how far beneath our feet
The huge wood billows spread and meet—
A waving sea of noble trees,
Rolling their green crests in the breeze ;
Mark the bright vale, the mountain chain,
The distant lines of that great plain,
Where Rome eternal Empress sits
Beneath the cloudless light, that fits
The lordliest and the loveliest scene
Time ere shall see—Time yet hath seen !
Oh, land of glorious memories,
Oh, land as fair as paradise,
Oh, thou belov'd, by whom I stand,
Straining in mine thy kindred hand,

Farewell!—on yonder mountain's brow
I see a beckoning hand of snow;
Stern Winter dares no nearer come,
But waves me towards his northern home.

We have made one more expedition, the longest and most interesting we have hitherto undertaken, to the top of Monte Gennaro, the highest peak of the Sabine range. We drove to Tivoli in the afternoon; and the next day, the 9th of October, starting at about ten o'clock, proceeded to ascend the mountain. It was a fatiguing expedition of several hours; and when we arrived near the top, two only of the ladies of the party had courage and strength sufficient left to proceed to the very summit, and enjoy the reward of seeing so large (or small) a portion of the world beneath them. While they energetically accomplished their purpose, my sister and myself (who had sprained my foot by a fall from my horse, in the ascent) proceeded

leisurely towards the resting-place, where our friends ———, who had already made an expedition hither, bade us wait for them. After scaling, for so long a space of time, the stony and precipitous ribs of the bleak-looking barren mountain ; after scrambling slowly, and with the utmost difficulty, up all but vertical paths, which were indeed nothing but the bare bed of winter torrents, which had torn for themselves a way down the rocky descent, and had shrunk under the scorching rays of the sun back to their springs on the mountain summits, leaving an irregular channel of loose tumbling stones—the only road for adventurous explorers to follow them up thither—the scene which burst upon us at the end of our ascent was as unexpected as it was enchanting.

Upon the very summit of the mountain, above its precipices, its huge sloping shoulders, the dwarf stunted shrubbery clinging to its skirts, and the stony rifts opening in its ample sides, lifted up close, as it seemed, to the blue sky and silver

clouds, and propped upon the everlasting foundations of the hills,—a long, soft, sunny meadow spread itself; the turf was more elastic, closer and finer grained, than that of the most carefully kept lawn—its colour fresh, tender, and vivid. On either side, rising from it with a regular symmetry, that proclaimed beyond mistake their ancient office of banks to the fair lake which once spread itself over this magical carpet of verdure, swelled the softly-rounded mountain crests, which here were covered with a lordly growth of magnificent forest trees. Over this bright and lovely wilderness, thus high uplifted above the earth's common level, herds of cattle strayed, who, with their keepers, are the only inhabitants of these beautiful solitudes, which during the summer afford them abundant pasturage; the winter drives them downwards towards the neighbourhood of man, and leaves these scenes of summer loveliness to the stern dominion of the deep snows that cover them, over whose glittering and forbidding

surface the eagle sweeping through the heavens alone throws a living shadow.

We proceeded leisurely with our guide and the faithful Vincenzo along this beautiful vast meadow, and, descending again by some rocky, broken, dry water-courses, arrived at another, if possible, more beautiful scene of the same description. Here, for the first time, I observed upon one of the ilex trees, hanging in profuse masses, the same kind of grey moss with which the evergreen oaks of Georgia are sometimes smothered alive,—it is the only instance I have seen of it in Italy, but confirms me in the belief that the live oak and ilex must be in reality the same tree, however altered in some of its conditions by the different climates and soils to whose influences it is exposed. Passing again through the second meadow, we arrived at the Fontanone, our appointed resting-place, where we sat down to wait for our more adventurous companions. At the foot of a steep eminence, clothed with beautiful trees, an

enormous stone fountain, of graceful form and proportions, receives the liquid treasures of the mountain springs. The volume of water poured from a still bright well, sheltered from all pollution by an arch of stone, into two immense stone troughs, whence its bright brimming current flowed down again into lesser stone conduits, and thence into a thousand sparkling rills down to the deep valleys that fell on all sides of us, was something wonderful. Nor, after a long and most fatiguing march under a fierce unmitigated sun, can anything be conceived more welcome and more enchanting than the sight of this exquisite fountain. A fine oak tree, whose huge roots clasped the rocky mountain side whence poured these living streams, spread its twisted boughs far out over their source, and we, throwing down our shawls, bournous, and provision baskets, lay down beneath its shelter, and looked with unutterable delight over the perfect Arcadia that surrounded us. We were so high upon the mountain tops

that their highest peaks only rose like gentle hills above us. To our right, bathed in sunshine and curtained round with beautiful woodland, lay the verdant pasturages through which we had just passed, and in front of us a tangled picturesque glen received the glittering threads that streamed across the path from the overbrimming fountains. To the left sank down the deep valleys through which lay our gradual descent from heaven, and far, far between the mountain summits all round us the purple peaks of distant ranges rose above one another, luring the imagination to fancied scenes of wilder beauty amid their distant dim recesses, while the eye perpetually reverted to, and the heart reposed again upon, the loveliness that immediately surrounded us. Over all spread the orange light of approaching sunset,—the glory and the beauty of an Italian afternoon. Claude Lorraine alone has ever painted such a sky, Poussin such an earth,—and both of them would have despaired of representing the com-

bined beauties of earth and sky, as we then saw them.

Our friends from the mountain-top soon rejoined us, and a season of less romantic, but most necessary refreshment followed. One or two herdsmen, whose flocks were grazing near, gathered round the fountains as we departed, and having secured among them a guide, (for the professional ciceroni who had attached themselves to our expedition at starting from Tivoli, proved absolutely incompetent), we began our descent from our most beautiful resting-place. As the evening came on, the wildness and loveliness of our steep downward path through the narrow winding staircases of the mountains was increased by its soft lights and softer shadows; the clear glittering stars began to look through the violet dome of the upper heavens, while just as we reached Rocca Giovane, so called, ——— surmised, from the impregnable position of its former castle,—one deep rosy flush pervaded the lower portion of the sky, reflected a maidenly blush over

the maiden fortress, and threw a warm and delicate atmosphere of tenderest light down into the valley of the Licenza. The rapidly waning daylight, and the dreadful condition of all the mountain paths, obliged us to relinquish our design of visiting Horace's Farm ; and, indeed, purple twilight deepened to absolute darkness before we emerged from the long winding valley, the outline of whose mountain walls, together with the bright course of its rapid stream, were the only objects that remained distinguishable, long before we reached the convent of San Cosimato, which closes and commands the defile, and where we found our carriage waiting to receive us.

EVENING.

Now in the west is spread
A golden bed ;
Great purple curtains hang around,
With fiery fringes bound,

And cushions, crimson red,
For Phoebus' lovely head :
And as he sinks thro' waves of amber light,
Down to the crystal halls of Amphitrite,
Hesper leads forth his starry legions bright
Into the violet fields of air—Good night !

The next morning we drove by brilliant sunlight along that part of the road which we traversed the previous night in darkness. I did not accomplish the object of my chief desire, to look once more by daylight along that enchanting valley whose twilight aspect had so fastened upon my imagination ; but the drive along the banks of the Anio, in between the folds of the mountains, and especially the view of the rocks of St. Cosimato, raising their rose-tinted masses from the deep glen where the river foamed and roared, were almost compensations. In the afternoon we drove back to Frascati, through brooks whose bridges had been swept away by the late torrents, and over roads whose surfaces—for they

were various—compelled us to hold each other and the sides of the carriage fast; in spite of which we laughed incessantly, to the evident horror of our poor coachman, who, pale with terror, looked at us as we emerged, by dint of Heaven and him, out of each malpasso, with an expression of reprobation which increased rather than checked our levity.

This was our last mountain expedition ; a few days after, laden with the spoils of our charming garden, with heavy hearts and tearful eyes we departed from the house where we had lived so happily—the beautiful home of our most beautiful summer.

PAST HOURS.

Two angels have them in eternal keeping.

He that beside the deep vaults of the past
Stands to receive the treasures, that with weeping
And lamentation into them men cast,

Forgetting that alone they hold that fast
Which to his marble store-house they commit ;
And He, that spirit bright and terrible,
Who at the feet of God doth thoughtful sit,
Upon whose scroll, in lines of flame are writ
Each hour of every day of those who dwell
Upon this earth : He hath those days and hours,
Which, as they smiled on us, we counted ours ;
And who, when that great history appears,
Shall make us answer, as if we were theirs.

Since my return to Rome, my principal anxiety has been to see so as to *know* some of the beautiful works of art gathered in its innumerable treasure-houses. There is nothing of which the impression has become deeper in my mind than the necessity of an absolute education for anything like a due appreciation of that which is most beautiful in art. In those alone possessed of the intuitive perceptions and exceptional organisation of genius, the process of appreciation may

be rapid ; to the majority it must be like all their accomplishments—most gradual. There is something absolutely piteous in watching the procession of thronging sight-seers who visit these wonderful shrines, and knowing how little pleasure, and less profit, they bear away from their cursory and yet laborious pilgrimages. It is the work of years, to one not especially gifted, to learn to discriminate (in all art, but in painting, I should say, especially) bad from good, and good from what is best. Perfect senses, vivid sensibilities, imagination for the ideal, judgment for the real, knowledge of what is technical in the execution, critical competency to apprehend the merits and the claims of that which is purely intellectual, the conception ; knowledge to furnish comparisons with what is prescriptive in art, reflection to suggest that which is paramount in nature, long habits of observation exercised on various and numerous works, and that which most hardly preserves itself through all this, and yet without which all this makes but a common-

place perceiver of faults and beauties,—freshness of mind and depth of feeling, from which alone (combined with the rest) can spring the faculties of an *appreciator*—these, it appears to me, are the absolutely indispensable qualifications for those who would not only see but comprehend art.

Arrived within a short period of my departure from Rome and all its precious collections, I have in some degree, I think, the feeling they must experience who have arrived at the term of their earthly existence:—an overwhelming sense of what is to be done for which no adequate space of time remains—an unspeakable regret for invaluable opportunities neglected—eager desire to snatch at such occasions as yet remain to be profited by—the bitter pain of parting with such scenes of delight—the clinging affection which at such a time makes the days and hours appear as though they devoured each other in our despite—all this haunts me as day by day I visit some one or other of Rome's glorious things, or gaze at its whole beautiful aspect from the

terrace of our home; that which I have seen, however, in these my last Roman days, I have seen well—my memory has taken hold of it—my soul possesses it.

TORRE NUOVO.

The water has flowed forth a year,
 Since, sitting by the fountain's side,
We look'd into the basin clear,
 Where sparkles still the gushing tide,
And watch'd the crystal current pour,
During one bright enchanting hour.

The sun slop'd low upon the plain—
 The mellow southern winter sun—
And purple rose the mountain chain,
 Which then I first did look upon ;
While o'er its shadowy crests were seen.
Bright, dazzling peaks of snowy sheen.

The limpid heavens o'er our head
Were clear as truth, and soft as love ;
The dark-blue tufted pine-trees spread
Their solemn shade our rest above,
And, framed between their pillars grey,
The landscape's magic pictures lay.

A year that water hath flowed forth ;
A year my golden hours have flowed ;
And toward the regions of the north
I turn, to leave this blest abode,
Where I have dwelt in constant joy,
In peace and rest, without alloy.

Pain has been far from me, and pleasure
Has kept the record of my days ;
Glory and beauty, without measure,
Have haunted my familiar ways,
And made a year's existence seem
Bright, brief, and wondrous as a dream.

Now I depart, and bear with me
The gather'd riches of these days ;
No shade the stern'st futurity
Upon their perfect brightness lays ;
Life shall possess them to the last :
The blackest fate must spare the past.

I have visited the Capitol every morning now
for a week, and here note down those things in
it which principally charm me :—

The Centaur ;
The Wounded Amazon ;
The Mercury (commonly called Antinous) ;
The Dying Gladiator ;
And especially the noble head of Ariadne.

For the beautiful Venus I do not entertain so
great an admiration as is usually expressed ; but
this is perhaps owing to the very tyro-like
tendency of which I cannot divest myself, of
liking or disliking works of art chiefly for their
subject or sentiment. The Venus of the Capitol

exquisite in workmanship, and of most admirable preservation, is pervaded in all her beautiful person (to my judgment) with a species of voluptuous refinement, which is disagreeable to me ; there is no intellect in the face, such as makes divine the countenance of the Neapolitan Psyche ; and compared with the chaste, noble, and beautiful Venus of Milo, she is like a fine lady to a goddess.

I went the other day with ——— and the ——— to the Corsini Palace, to see the pictures, of which there is a very fine collection. The house itself, a noble mansion on the Lungara, opposite the beautiful Farnesina, struck me very much with its fine spacious colonnade and princely staircase. Of the pictures I cannot speak, because they were so very numerous, and our time so short, that I had really not leisure to look at one-tenth of them. My dear ——— had requested me especially to look at one, an *Ecce Homo* of Guido's, which she said had impressed her more than any picture she

had ever seen. In order to obey her injunction, I conquered my almost invincible repugnance to pictures of this subject, and carefully contemplated it; but there was nothing in the habitually sickly colouring and feeble expression of Guido's painting to counteract the intolerable effect of horror and disgust always produced upon me by representations of the physical agony of Christ; and it appeared to me, upon the whole, far less meritorious as a picture, than the same subject immediately below it, by Guercino, and one opposite it, by Correggio; beneath which was again another by some great master, whose name I have forgotten. The position of these four dreadful representations of mortal agony (*that* mortal agony), would, I think, effectually deter me from ever entering this gallery, at the entrance of which they hang; although towards the end of it there is a splendid portrait, by Titian, of Philip the Second—a picture, where the artist has made a prince out of one of the meanest and most ill-looking men imaginable.

In the next room to this was Guido's famous picture of Herodias' daughter, the engraving from which had been one of my earliest and most delightful impressions of art. Having now seen both, I prefer it to the painting, where, as in all Guido's pictures, I find something affected and weak. The one picture of this often-treated subject that surpasses all others that I have ever seen, is the glorious Titian in Lord Ashburton's collection.

An accident ——— met with curtailed our visit to the Corsini, from which, however, I have brought away few distinct impressions, owing to the nature of the collection and our limited leisure. I have been again to the Palazzo Sciarra, and seen the most wonderful picture I ever saw, the *Suonatore*, for the last time. How fortunate are they, who, looking at it, may hope to do so again !

SCRAPS.

Raise it to Heaven, when thine eye fills with tears,
 For only in a watery sky appears
 The bow of light ; and from th' invisible skies
 Hope's glory shines not, save thro' weeping eyes.
 Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way,
 The land of joy lies all before his eyes ;
 Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
 Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

Thursday, 19th November.—To me a memorable date. We went in the afternoon, my sister, ———, the ———, and myself, to the Villa Ludovisi, to see the sculpture gallery and Guercino's Aurora. It is made rather a matter of difficulty and favour to obtain admittance to this collection, yet I would advise no one to neglect visiting it who would not depart from Rome

without seeing one of its greatest wonders. The collection of statues is not by any means large, but contains several beautiful, and one surpassing work. I admired extremely two statues of exquisite grace and beauty, called Mars, and representing the God of War in different attitudes of repose. The ease and nature of the position, the lightness and beauty of the limbs and figure, and the charming expression of perfect quietude thrown over the whole countenance and person, render them certainly the most attractive representations of this divinity that I ever saw. I incline to think the likeness must have been taken during his *liaison* with Venus ; there is a softness and almost tenderness about them otherwise unaccountable. A noble veiled semi-colossal head of Juno detained my sister and myself long in charmed contemplation, and for a moment I supposed I stood before that which we had come expressly to see, and which Göethe proclaimed the grandest thing that he had seen in Rome. Presently, however, we turned away,

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Thursday, 19th November.—To me a memorable date. We went in the afternoon, my sister, ———, the ———, and myself, to the Villa Ludovisi, to see the sculpture gallery and Guercino's Aurora. It is made rather a matter of difficulty and favour to obtain admittance to this collection, yet I would advise no one to neglect visiting it who would not depart from Rome

without seeing one of its greatest wonders. The collection of statues is not by any means large, but contains several beautiful, and one surpassing work. I admired extremely two statues of exquisite grace and beauty, called Mars, and representing the God of War in different attitudes of repose. The ease and nature of the position, the lightness and beauty of the limbs and figure, and the charming expression of perfect quietude thrown over the whole countenance and person, render them certainly the most attractive representations of this divinity that I ever saw. I incline to think the likeness must have been taken during his *liaison* with Venus ; there is a softness and almost tenderness about them otherwise unaccountable. A noble veiled semi-colossal head of Juno detained my sister and myself long in charmed contemplation, and for a moment I supposed I stood before that which we had come expressly to see, and which Göethe proclaimed the grandest thing that he had seen in Rome. Presently, however, we turned away,

and walking towards the other end of the gallery, the words I was speaking died away on my lips, and my feet were rivetted to the ground, as I suddenly perceived the colossal head of Juno, of which he thus spoke. I think it must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before I spoke or moved, and the first idea I was conscious of—beholding having absorbed my existence during that time—was the cataract of Niagara. I cannot conceive how or why that stupendous volume of sound and motion should have been suggested by the awful grandeur, the sublime stillness, and incomparable sweetness and majesty of this great work of art—as there were no words given to me then to express what I felt, so have I none now to describe what I saw. In the garden I met with an accident which caused me severe pain, at the price of which I was very thankful to escape seeing anything else after that divine head.

Sunday, 22nd November.—I went with ——— by appointment to visit Overbeck's studio. He

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received us himself most kindly and courteously, and for some time I was more interested by his demeanour and countenance, than by anything else I saw in his room. I had been much impressed by various accounts I had received of Overbeck's character, from persons who know him and admire him extremely, and I regretted deeply not being able to hear some of his conversation as well as look at his works. We found here the original drawing from which his great picture at Frankfort, of the influence of religion upon art, was executed. Having seen the picture itself, the drawing of course interested me less, although I had not to encounter in it that which displeases so much in the picture, its raw and inharmonious colouring. The composition is very elaborate, and in several of its groups very beautiful and graceful ; it appears to me, however, to divide itself too distinctly into separate parts, and the charming group to the right of the picture recalls, too forcibly for any one to escape the association who has seen the two com-

positions, the famous mathematical group in Raphael's School of Athens. There were no pictures in the studio, and only one drawing for one, of which I shall speak presently ; the rest of what we saw consisted of very beautiful drawings for engraving, all upon subjects taken from our Saviour's life, and for the most part, therefore, painful and distressing to me. Two of the subjects, however, representing Jesus in his childhood, being merely ideal, did not affect me so unpleasantly, and my admiration of their grave simplicity and devotional character was undisturbed by the overwhelming associations which all representations of Christ, drawn from the records of his life, invariably suggest to me. One of these drawings represented the infant Saviour sleeping—his arms thrown open in an attitude of the most graceful and natural repose—representing, nevertheless, the type of his bitter death, in the form of the cross, which they describe ; an idea which Overbech has reproduced with exquisite effect in another work : and there

is something in this unconscious prophecy combined with the wrapt and tender contemplation of the Holy Mother, into whose soul the iron was to enter so deeply, which makes the whole inexpressibly touching.

The next drawing we saw was one of Jesus surrounded by his Mother, St. Joseph, and St. Ann, and I am not sure whether there is not another male figure in the group : they are all attentively observing the child, who, represented at about the age of six or seven years old, is endeavouring, with the implements of his father's trade, to saw the form of a cross. There is something striking in the conception (whether borrowed or not from any of the innumerable legends of our Saviour's childhood, I do not know), and the expressions of all the countenances are remarkably beautiful and appropriate — like everything which Overbech does, there is a deep piety in the whole composition. After this followed scenes from the Gospel ; a Last Supper, where the artist has

very judiciously made an overturned seat the sole representative of the troubled soul of that unfortunate one who betrayed the Just. Another drawing, representing the "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me!" excited the utmost enthusiasm of some Russian ladies, who, like ourselves, were admitted to the privilege of seeing these beautiful things; but, for me, I ceased very soon to distinguish it through the blinding tears that filled my eyes. Oh! how can people bear to see representations of these things—ideal representations of *that* reality? If we had a friend, a benefactor, a deliverer, to whom we owed more than life; for whom, though we had never seen him, our love was greater than for any human being whom we ever had seen; and that imaginary representations were brought to us, of this our most precious friend, what should we say? Should we not turn with almost a feeling of insult, from a pretended likeness of what was to us so dear and venerable? It seems to me that just in

proportion as any real record or representation of Jesus Christ would be inestimable to us, (so inestimable, that I think in denying us any such vestige Almighty God has mercifully saved us from the danger of an almost rational idolatry), so worthless and even offensive appear to me all these invented images of Him—so inadequate, when they merely seek to represent that face and form, the like of which was never seen here on earth—so intolerable, when they repeat the closing scenes of that unparalleled life, through which the world was redeemed. For all these reasons I was most especially struck and affected by a large design Overbech showed us for a picture, which, I think, he had executed for some church, representing our Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane. The subject, indeed, is one from which I always shrink, but the mode in which the artist had treated it was free at least from all the objections I have made to such pictures in general ; in the foreground of the lower part of the


picture lay those whose poor exhausted humanity had taken refuge from sorrow and dismay in sleep, which even love was too weak to drive from their heavy eye-lids. Above, upon a projecting piece of rock, knelt the figure of Christ ; his back is turned to the picture ; there is no audacious representation of that countenance stamped with the agony of that supreme hour. Before him, confronting, therefore, those who look at the picture, kneels an angel of the Lord, who, with an incomparable expression of love and sorrow, presents to him the inevitable cross ; light streams from the ignominious engine of torture over the whole picture, and seems to concentrate its reflection upon the Christ, who, with his head bowed, and his arms extended, so as almost to meet the form of the crucifix presented to him, seems uttering that watchword of our salvation, "Thy will be done." This picture affected me most deeply ; the conception of it appeared to me most original, pathetic, and sublime. But I still wonder at

those whose pencil does not fall from their hands at the contemplation of such a subject, especially when they are, as in Overbeck's instance, even more devout and holy Christian men than inspired artists. In the representations of these especial agonies, I have stated my various objections; I have, however, an unconquerable aversion to all representations of physical pain in works of art; the sufferings of the nobler part of our nature, our heart and mind, appear to me the only ones to be portrayed by those ministers, whose medium should always be positive beauty. And, however small the element of physical pain may be compared with the nobler sorrow, to which its expression is allied, I should always like to banish that portion of them from all works of art, where their presence usurps the slightest degree of that attention due to nobler considerations. I always feel affronted at having my sympathies appealed to by so obvious and irresistible a method, and give but little credit to an artist

who (as even that admirable painter, Poussin, has done) turns me sick, and sets me shivering from head to foot by a representation of a man whose bowels are being dragged from him by ropes and a windlass ; a nervous band of iron seems to knot itself round my brows when I look at the blood-distilling crown of thorns on the forehead of those dreadful *Ecce Homos*—the beautiful and pathetic representations of St. Sebastian by Guido, Domenichino and Titian, make me quiver with those dreadful arrows sticking in him, and even the world-renowned *Laocoön* is to me an intolerably painful miracle of art. The *Dying Gladiator*, or more properly the dying Gaulish chief, and the piteous wounded Amazon of the capitol, in whose pathetic gesture it is difficult to say whether shame, sorrow, or pain predominates, are about the only works of art I am acquainted with, where the admixture or physical suffering is so admirably treated as to be endurable.

The principal defect of Overbech's works is

something at once feeble and stiff in the drawing, a consequence, it appears to me, of his very close imitation of the manner of the earlier Italian devotional paintings—Pinturiccio, the first manner of Raphael, and more especially, perhaps, Perugino, the peculiarities of whose style seem revived again in the drawings of Overbeck. I was particularly struck with this one morning, when visiting the Gallery of Paintings at the Vatican. I found an artist making a drawing from Perugino's picture of the Resurrection—but for the original before me I should have thought it belonged to the charming series of drawings I had seen a few days before at Overbeck's studio, so perfect was the resemblance between the quaint simplicity and stiffness of the old Italian and its imitation by the modern German painter. This is a great pity ; the reproduction of the defects of great masters is certainly the easiest way of imitating their works—but to affect the meagre and formal drawing, and raw inharmonious colouring of those great early masters, in



the present day, is like returning to the language of Chaucer, or even the peculiar but more intelligible style of our early playwrights, in search of this fresh simplicity and manly vigour. Quaintness is a mere virtue of association ; there is nothing charming in itself, but merely in the more simple and earnest spirit of the times to which it appears peculiar ; although, being in fact a mere quality of time, we may hope to appear quaint in all our various manifestations, from petticoats to poetry, to our great great grandchildren, without throwing ourselves back to the forms of art and literature in the sixteenth century, for the sake of being prematurely so. Overbech's works, however, have not alone the defect of those which he has made his model—they have their merit also ; tenderness, grace, purity, and a depth of devotional spirit, drawn from the fountain of his own soul, and most touching and beautiful is their expression in all his works.

The house to which we went to visit Overbech was no other than the old palace of the

Cenci, and over the very stairs which we ascended, poor Beatrice's feet have passed to and fro. The associations with this place are horrible—I wonder Overbech can bear to live there.

I have seen the Vatican for the last time—for a month now I have gone thither daily for nearly two hours early in the morning. The custodi, apprised by my kind friend ———, have admitted me at a time when the doors are not open to the public, and for a whole month these galleries, these halls, these splendid chambers, these vast marble staircases, and all the glorious company of divine creations assembled within them, have been *mine*. I have walked, and stood, and sat among them, in earnest, blissful, lonely contemplation. I have lived, as it were, in Olympus. I do not know how I shall ever live among mere mortals again. Daily, passing through the outer gallery of the Swiss guard, and emerging from the vaulted passage which leads to the court of San Dalmasio, have I stood to look at the beautiful building rising round me, all golden

with the sunlight against the deep-blue sky. Daily have I walked with slow feet, unwilling almost, to pass from one image of beauty to another, along the Loggie of Raphael, worshipping as I went the creations of his most graceful spirit. I have looked daily over the lonely sunny gardens, open like the palace halls to me, where the wide sweeping orange walks end in some distant view of the sad and noble campagna—where silver fountains call to each other through the silent over-arching cloisters of dark and fragrant green, and where the huge bronze pine, by which Dante measured his great giant, yet stands in the midst of graceful vases and bas reliefs, wrought in former ages, and the more graceful blossoms blown within that very hour. Daily have I wandered, as in some wonderful trance, from form to form of perfect beauty. Daily departing have I stood upon the threshold of the great gallery of inscriptions, and, leaving behind me the ancient miracles of art, looked over the whole expanse of Rome to the purple

Alban mountains, and the morning sky, full of the glory of a new day, and blest God for the ever new miracle of nature. Daily, descending from these glorious things, have I turned homewards with a spirit so raised with their contemplation, and thoughts so wrapt in their remembrance, that I have not felt the ground on which I trod, and immortality seemed for a short time to possess me rather than life : and now all this is past. I have crossed for the last time those glorious thresholds : I shall stand beneath those lordly domes no more. As I passed to-day the iron gates, which the keeper opened with his usual, " *A rivederla, Signora,*" I answered, like one despairing, " *Ah ! no, non torno piu,*" and went weeping away, like one overtaken by some dire calamity.

Sculpture is to me more impressive than painting ; it appears to me to need far less qualifications to appreciate its beauties. In the picture gallery, the *Madonna di Foligno* was beyond everything else—even than the glorious transfiguration itself—enchanting to me.

I spent many hours in the Camere, where the deplorably injured condition of Raphael's grandest conceptions was about as great a grief as their beauty was a delight to me. How infinitely lamentable it is that these precious things were not originally upon canvass, for thus the modern method of transferring might have saved the world from their loss, as well as that of all the beautiful decorations of the Farnesina, and that most lovely Galatea. The Sybils, too, at the Santa Maria della Pace are stained and defaced, and so miserably situated, that they can hardly be seen distinctly ; and, unless some hitherto unknown method of preserving frescoes is devised, these beautiful and noble works must perish more and more ; but while one figure, I had almost said one line, of them remains, it will testify to the perfection with which their great author devised and wrought.

My last visit to the Vatican was to the curious and interesting little chapel, whose walls are covered with frescoes, by Fra Angelico da

Fiesole. This small oratory, for it is really nothing more, was closed up during some repairs of the Vatican, and for a long time, although its existence was perfectly well known, the entrance to it remained blocked up and undiscovered. It is curious to a lover of art, as containing figures and paintings of an unusually large size for this painter; in which, in spite of much stiffness and quaint awkwardness, the composition is good, and the faces have that peculiar earnestness and devotional expression, remarkable in all his smaller pictures. From this small beautiful chapel we descended to the Sistine Chapel, which contains what are, to me, the finest paintings in the world—always excepting the *Suonatore*,—between which and Michael Angelo's giant frescoes, of course, no comparison is intended; but which I merely mention thus, because it is to me an exception in the whole world of art.

The prophets and sybils on the walls, the awful representations of the Divinity, and his first human creatures, on the roof of the Sistine.

Chapel—these stupendous conceptions and perfect works of Michael Angelo were my last vision of the Vatican !

A VISION OF THE VATICAN.

In the great palace halls, where dwell the gods,
I heard a voice filling the vaulted roof ;
The heart that uttered it seem'd sorrow proof,
And, clarion-like, it might have made the clods
Of the dead valley start to sudden life,
With such a vigour and a joy 'twas rife.

And, coming towards me, lo ! a woman past,
Her face was shining as the morning bright,
And her feet fell in steps so strong and light,
I scarce could tell if she trode slow or fast :
She seem'd instinct with beauty and with power,
And what she sang, dwells with me to this hour.

“ Transfigur'd from the gods' abode I come,
I have been tarrying in their awful home

Stand from my path, and give me passage free,
For yet I breathe of their divinity.
Jove have I knelt to, solemn and serene,
And stately Herè, heaven's transcendant queen ;
Apollo's light is on my brow, and fleet
As silver-sandall'd Dian's are my feet ;
Graciously smiling, heavenly Aphrodite
Hath filled my senses with a vague delight ;
And Pallas, steadfastly beholding me,
Hath sent me forth in wisdom to be free."

When at the portal, smiling, she did turn,
And, looking back thro' the vast halls profound,
Re-echoing with her song's triumphant sound,
She bow'd her head, and said—" I shall return !"
Then raised her face, all radiant with delight,
And vanished, like a vision, from my sight.

The extreme interest which we, in common
with all the inhabitants of Rome, whether native
or foreign, have felt in the character and measures
of the new Pope, has induced me to gather

together all the information, and every anecdote which I have been able to obtain relating to him. Of the latter, it may be that some have no other foundation than the general character and known disposition of the individual to whom they are attributed ; but, even in this point of view, they are valuable, as indicating clearly the opinions entertained of him, the esteem in which he is held, that which is generally believed, and that which is expected of him.

The youngest of the Cardinals in the Conclave, it became his duty to collect the votes and proclaim who had obtained the suffrages of the majority ; having reached the number at which his own election became the evident result, he paused, and reminding the Conclave that it was yet time to alter their proceedings, solemnly adjured them to take heed to what they were about to do. This conscientious appeal probably only affected more favourably an assembly, bent principally, at all hazards, upon defeating the election of a most unpopular member, the

Cardinal Lambruschini, to achieve whose election no effort of intrigue and intimidation had been spared ; and Cardinal Mastai, proceeding in his office, proclaimed himself the object of the preponderating votes. On his first interview with one of his devoted friends, and now one of his most efficient officers, Monsignor Pentini, his first exclamation was : “ Vedete, che cosa hanno fatto ;” and it was some little time before he became reconciled to the exchange of his habitual cardinal’s costume for the Papal habiliments, or his more private apartments for those usually inhabited by the Pope. In one respect, Pius IX., and the people he is called to govern, enjoy a great good fortune in the circumstance of his not belonging to any monkish fraternity, like the last Pope, and most indeed of his predecessors, or having even been bred to the priesthood. His training and education was liberal and general, and his first choice of a career was in favour of a military one, having applied for admission into the Guardia Nobile,

which, however, Cardinal Barberini, on whose acceptance it is alone obtained, refused. On the late occasion of the homage of the cardinals to their new sovereign, the Pope reminded his Eminence of this circumstance, when the cardinal, with a happiness that caused some surprise (as he is not generally suspected of much ready wit), replied, that he had refused the admission to the Guardia Nobile, persuaded that the applicant for it was reserved for infinitely higher things.

One of the earliest proceedings of the new Pope, which obtained currency by public report, was his reformation of his own household, and his unsparing curtailment of its most useless expenses. He immediately suppressed the confectioner's department—an enormous item of expenditure in the former Pope's establishment—and having observed in the accounts which he demanded, and of which he examined himself the details, a most exorbitant daily charge for lemonade, remarked that when he was a private

individual, he used to refresh himself at a café with lemonade at so much per glass, and requested that he might be furnished with it thenceforward upon the same terms ; indeed, he added, that the increase in the value of his sustenance as Pope, compared to what it was as an abbate, appeared to him entirely disproportionate ; and that, allowing that a Monsignore required a more costly dinner than an abbate, a cardinal than a Monsignore, and a Pope than a cardinal, he still could not bring the gradually ascending scale to anything like the estimate made for him, and which he therefore requested might be lowered to a more rational one. He has once or twice invited some of his cardinals to dine with him, a thing unknown during the late Pope's reign ; who, according indeed to the usual pontifical etiquette, invariably ate alone. Some persons have suggested that this innovation may be merely a measure of security against poison ; but it is better accounted for by the liberal and rational charac-

ter of the Pope, and the corresponding changes, both of a lesser as well as a greater nature, which may be expected from him. He has given too a splendid dinner to his Guardia Nobile, during which he presented himself in the room where they were assembled, to greet and bid them welcome.

The measures of public improvement most urgently needed, both for the city and the country, and which were in vain petitioned from the late Pope's timid and tyrannical policy, have obtained the ready sanction of his successor; and gas in the streets of Rome, and railroads in the Roman States, will soon bear witness to a more enlightened spirit; and while the one will tend to the increase of order, comfort, and security in the city, the other will awaken the dormant energies of the inhabitants of the country—affording them means of easy transport for their agricultural produce, bringing markets within reach of supplies, and quickening all the commercial energies

of the various cities, hitherto so deplorably stagnant, by opening lines of rapid communication between the inland territory and the coast, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. On the occasion of the Pope's act of amnesty, his council consisted of six cardinals, of whom one only was in favour of it. Fortunately the Pope's prerogative could, and did, dispense with their concurrence. His mode of receiving the popular enthusiasm on the occasion of that great act of wisdom and mercy was eminently characteristic ; he said that the political offenders had in no way sinned against him, that their attempts were directed against the government of Gregory XVI., who might indeed have deserved praise and thanks for pardoning them, whereas he could claim none for forgiving people who had done nothing against him. This modest and magnanimous disclaimer on his part, did not, as may well be imagined, check the enthusiasm of the people. On the occasion of his first driving out, they took the horses from his carriage, and drew him home to the

Quirinal—a demonstration, against the repetition of which he, however, entered his most solemn and positive protest. Anagrams of his name are ingeniously made to discover in it the titles of liberator and father, and the very colours on his coat of arms—the tricolor—are held significant of his political tendencies. A curious anecdote was told me the other day, exhibiting the impatient temper of the times and people, and suggesting, as indeed everything else abundantly does, the enormous difficulty of the present Pope's position, between the excited and exaggerated expectation of impossible changes entertained by his people, and the narrow and shallow scope of his power and possibilities. His arms contain two lions, and an anonymous letter was forwarded to him lately, in which his shield was painted with two tortoises substituted in their stead, a suggestion that he did not proceed rapidly enough with the expected reforms of government. The Pope, it is said, smiled at this illustration, and showing it to somebody, ob-

for some repairs at the
house. These men were
able qualities of their new
ill-will borne him by
and more especially by
themselves objects of
Roman people generally.
alluding to the malignity of
said he must take good care,
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athful"—*i.e.*, poison); to which
ended, that if they did so,
last Pope in Rome, as in the
perishing, the people would rise
cessor to him. So violent, indeed,
of the people, at present, in favour
and against all who are supposed to
to him, that the latter are bound to
nd night for his safety; for if he were
a fall from his carriage, or the most
natural death in the world, his end
fail to be attributed to the machina-

served, that the tortoise, though very slow, was very sure in its progress.

To supply the immediate and pressing necessities of his government, he levied, soon after his accession, a tax of three scudi upon all monasteries, and borrowed a very considerable sum of money from the Jesuits; a measure of very popular economy, which he adopted at the same time, was the entire suppression of all moneys for the purposes of paying spies, *surveillance*, &c. The rather compulsory nature of the loan thus contracted with the Jesuits is not supposed to have by any means rendered that powerful body more propitious, either to Pius IX. personally, or the policy of his government; and a ludicrous instance was given of the people's apprehension of the ill-will borne their sovereign by the whole order, when, on the occasion of his first visit to the Jesuits, the crowd in the streets ran by the side of his carriage, calling to him, "Santo Padre non prender la cioccolata." — told us too of a curious conversation he had overheard among

some workmen, employed in some repairs at the Hanoverian minister's house. These men were dilating upon the admirable qualities of their new Pope, and the consequent ill-will borne him by certain of the cardinals, and more especially by all the Jesuits, who are themselves objects of extreme dislike to the Roman people generally. One of the number, alluding to the malignity of the Pope's enemies, said he must take good care, or they would be giving him the "Boccone" (literally, "the mouthful"—*i.e.*, poison); to which the others responded, that if they did so, he would be the last Pope in Rome, as in the event of his so perishing, the people would rise and have no successor to him. So violent, indeed, is the feeling of the people, at present, in favour of the Pope and against all who are supposed to be inimical to him, that the latter are bound to pray day and night for his safety; for if he were to die from a fall from his carriage, or the most undeniably natural death in the world, his end would not fail to be attributed to the machina-

tions of his enemies, who, in any popular outbreak, sure to follow upon such a catastrophe, would inevitably be made the first victims of the violence of the people. The enthusiasm of all classes (except, indeed, the higher ones) is not confined to Rome ; in Ancona, ——— told us he did not think there was a single house without a bust or engraving of him ; in Bologna, the very hearth hitherto of disaffection and disturbance, the same spirit prevails. An unfortunate priest very narrowly escaped annihilation there, who ventured to suggest a doubt as to the wisdom of the act of amnesty. Silk cravats, of alternate stripes of yellow and white (the papal colours), with “Viva Pio Nono” embroidered in gold upon their ends, are worn by all the men, and the women fasten their waists with long sashes of the same colours similarly adorned. In Rome, the rejoicing over the act of amnesty gave rise to some touching expressions of public feeling, and more than one house, to which father, sons, or brothers returned, whose

untimely burial in political dungeons had covered them with gloom, were hailed and cheered by the assembled multitude, who shared in the joy of their restoration to their homes and families. A ludicrous anecdote was told us, for the truth of which, however, I do not vouch, that Cardinal Lambruschini, finding no other vent for his displeasure at all that was going forward, had caused prayers to be put up in some church under his especial charge, for the enlightening of the Pope by the Holy Spirit ; of which rather insolent interest in his well-doing, Pius IX. being apprised, he expressed his entire approval of it, and his own extreme need of the assistance of God's directing and enlightening grace.

A rumour has been current for some time, that he intends to organise something approximating to a representative government, by permitting the various states and towns in his dominion to send up deputies to Rome, properly instructed to represent the grievances and wants

of the people. This would, indeed, be an amazing stride forward. It is, moreover, added, that, being warned that this and similar innovations would probably induce the people to demand a constitution, the Pope replied, with much tranquillity, that he did not know that it might not be a very good thing to give them one. In the meantime, the hearts of the hitherto most disaffected are all turned towards him, and in all the processions in his honour which succeeded the promulgation of his amnesty, the most prominent personages were the very young men, whom the police had especial charge to watch under the former government. He receives, as I have before stated, all petitions presented to him, and an anecdote is told of his having torn a small piece from the cover of one which particularly attracted his attention, and which, delivering over to the functionary appointed to receive them until His Holiness had leisure to examine them, was not presented among the rest ; he immediately perceived its absence, and demanded

it ; and it is said to have contained a revelation of malpractices affecting Cardinal Lambruschini, and various other eminent personages. The access which he permits to his presence, on certain days in the week, to all supplicants has given rise to innumerable stories of his benevolence and kindness, which are eagerly seized on by, and disseminated among, the people. Thus it is told, that he ordered one of his state horses to be given to a poor man, whose sole wealth consisted in his, which had just died. He is, moreover, said to have appointed a small room in the Quirinal as lodging to a poor old woman, who had been turned out of her own by Cardinal Patrizi, because she was unable to pay the rent. A pretty and I believe authentic anecdote is told of a young lad of about twelve years, the only son of his mother, who was a poor widow, and who had strained every nerve to procure for him a good education. The boy, remarkably intelligent and industrious, was about to forfeit a chance of advancement into some higher school

for want of means to purchase the class books required for his studies there. He presented a petition to the Pope, and in due time, to his mother's amazement, received an official summons to the presence of His Holiness, who, having heard his story, put his hand into his pocket, and gave the lad a gold piece, worth something between two and three scudi ; the boy, however, returned it, saying that it was of no use to him, as it was not sufficient to purchase the books he wanted, the cost of which amounted to something more than three scudi. The Pope, much amused and pleased with the boy's intelligence, gave him the requisite sum, and sent assistance to his mother, and his commendation for the training she was bestowing on her child. In the meantime, demonstrations of loyalty and of political activity of an unwonted nature in Rome are betokening imminent change, and filling the souls of all faint-hearted worshippers of present things with dismay.

On the 8th of September, the day of the

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prejudices, Mr. de ——— went home to his wife as pale as a ghost, and assured her that Metternich would have to interfere immediately to put down the frightful revolutionary spirit of the rabid Roman patriots. Upon the whole, it seems to me a pity that the small token of sympathy demanded on this occasion was withheld ; the stream of popular opinion and feeling may be resisted and withstood successfully only to a certain point ; and beyond that, those who would not be overwhelmed by it must throw themselves upon its surface, and by a timely consent to its direction, in time perhaps obtain the direction of it. It is a thousand pities that those whose interests are most at stake in perceiving this, so seldom do, before it is too late. The refusal to illuminate the windows, and the closing of the blinds, at the Palazzo Borghese, are said to have been instigated by the governor of Rome, Monsignor Marini, whose unpopularity was already quite great enough, without this additional score against him in the public memory.

Without, of course, understanding the detail of the political questions which render the measures of the present Papal government so deeply interesting, in one way or other, to the whole of Europe, there is something in the unbounded expectations of Pius the IX.'s own subjects, mixing up, as they undoubtedly do, the idea of his pre-eminent religious sovereignty with that of his political power and capacity, extremely touching to one who perceives the enormous disparity between the two. Surrounded by governments hostile to all liberal reform, and watching with a jealous eye the faintest expression of that spirit in the population of their neighbour's territories, of which they so dread and detest the manifestations in their own—unsupported by the nobles, whose sympathies (as when, except in rare individual cases, were they otherwise? and the instinct is just, for their conservatism is but self-preservation) are all against progress—feared and disliked in his more liberal policy by the generality of his priesthood—mortally hated by

that powerful body, the Jesuits, and the vast multitudes who directly or indirectly are influenced by them—unsupported by the more ardent and extreme reformers, whose abhorrence of former tyrannies has led them to adopt republican theories of government, and who, therefore, fear his partial reforms as likely to satisfy the people whom they would fain see carried towards the issues they embrace, and which, of course, the Pope cannot adopt—blindly and enthusiastically worshipped by the middling and lower classes, whose eager desire for change will be as ready to accuse him in their impatience of a moderate and gradual course, as they now are to admire him for the mere promise of reform they find in his first measures—with only one minister of ability, integrity, and personal devotion to him (the liberal and enlightened Cardinal Gizzi, unfortunately a man of nearly ninety years old)—with an empty exchequer, and finances crippled by deplorable mismanagement of the last administration—such is the present position of Pius IX.,

upon whose most benevolent and refined countenance few traces are discernible of a spirit capable of engaging single-handed with such difficulties.

The anomaly, as well as the difficulty, of this position strikes me forcibly. I have seen the Roman Catholic religion in the United States, the faith of implicit obedience and absolute subserviency, encountering the political spirit of unbridled democracy—perhaps the most remarkable of all the social phenomena that wonderful country presents ; and the Roman Catholic religion thrives and spreads, and flourishes, because it is separate from the political government, and lends itself with that admirable faculty of adaptation—one of its vital merits and chief security for its duration—to the paramount spirit of the institutions, and universal direction of the public mind. The Roman Catholic religion can subsist, and greatly prosper, even in republican America, but it is because it is there a religion and not a government : as religion it is the most pliant,

malleable, insinuating, pervading, and powerful that has yet existed ; as government, it is rigid, uncompromising, despotic, and incapable of either receiving or accepting the impulse towards universal freedom, which the world in these latter times seems to obey. The Bishop of Rome may yet be the powerful head of the most powerful sect of Christendom ; I doubt if he can ever be the enlightened sovereign of a people with free institutions ; therefore it is that the acclamations which precede and follow the present Pope's footsteps seem sad to me, for they seem to me to demand impossibilities, and to foretel disappointments. It may be that his apparent sympathy with the people may grow cold, for Gregory XVI. began his reign too with an amnesty ; it may be that, appointed by God to the especial ministry of these times, he may only have opened the flood-gates whence the torrent issuing shall bear him to the ground ; if, however, no subsequent acts of his own belie the promise of his present measures, even if the spirit

that he evokes is too powerful for him, and he should fall a sacrifice to the results of his own actions, he has earned the love of his people and the sympathy and admiration of the world already, and built himself, with one great act of wisdom and of mercy, a monument of noble memories, round which the blessings of the Roman people will never cease to rise.

TO PIUS IX.

It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush
thee ;

It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future, thou dost set it free ;
Yet heave it, heave it Heaven high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelm'd in the first wild career
Of those long-prison'd tides of liberty.

That stone which thou hast lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation, shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory :
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome.

We went on Sunday to see the Pope take possession of the Lateran,—a ceremony of particular interest, from all the peculiar circumstances connected with the new reign. The church of the Lateran is held in even higher veneration than that of St. Peter's, being built upon the site of the first Christian church founded by Constantine the Great. From the windows of the Palazetto Torlonia, the lodgings of the ———, who most kindly invited us to them, we saw to perfection the procession debouch from the Via San Romualdo, on its descent from the Quirinal into the Piazza del Gesu. The Pope alone being in his carriage,

and everybody else on horseback, the reverend body (or bodies) of cardinals were exempted from this part of the day's duty, which would have been, to many of them, all but impossible. The thronged and tapestried streets, the crowded windows and balconies, the wreaths and branches of flowers and evergreens, the universal enthusiasm and "allegria," recalled the days of the Carnival. A very different procession, however, presently filled the many-coloured avenue, and suggested memories of a far more serious nature ; the Crucifero, in his splendid purple robes, bare-headed, his black hair falling on his shoulders, and his grave and handsome countenance, admirably becoming the solemnity of his costume and office, riding on a snow-white mule, and bearing a huge golden crucifix ; then the Guardia Nobile, surrounding the Pope ; the captain of the Swiss Guard, clad in complete sheath armour ; the secretaries in middle-age costumes, of the richest and most picturesque black velvet and gold ;

and then the numerous train of Prelati, some in scarlet and point lace,—others attired in purple robes, with short over-skirts of fine lawn and lace, with a hood or wimple of the same surmounted by a round black hat, precisely the costume with which all Petrarch's representations have rendered us so familiar ; all of them mounted, their horses led at a foot-pace by serving men on foot. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful in point of colour, or more picturesque in every respect, than this fine procession passing along by the Doria and Altieri palaces, and all that noble range of buildings which fronts the Piazza di Venezia and the Piazza del Gesu. At one moment particularly the *coup d'oeil* was splendid ; a few drops of rain fell, and all the prelates in scarlet dresses drew over their heads the scarlet silk hoods, which were hanging on their shoulders, a measure of prudence for which a painter would have offered up infinite thanks to the weather. We had had tickets of admis-

sion given us for the Coliseum, but, fearful of losing the benediction, we omitted going there, and proceeded straight to the Lateran. We might have done both very well, and I regret extremely that we did not, for I am sure, from ———'s account, nothing could have been finer than the view obtained by those (and they were thousands) who, filling once more with eager expectation the arches and galleries of the Coliseum, and looking towards the Capitol, beheld the scarlet and purple procession wind down from it, traverse the forum, and, passing underneath the arch of Titus, unroll itself along the Via Sacra. At the time in which we might have seen this and did not, we were, however, unconscious of our loss, and very happy in the excellent position where we obtained seats nearly opposite the Church of St. John Lateran. As the Papal procession approached, the vacant space before the church, and almost half way to San Pietro in Vinculii, became thronged with a dense mass of people, through which the

pageant slowly made its way. We watched the Pope's entrance into the Basilica, by the movement of the white peacock's fans, and the canopy borne over him ; and after the scarlet priests and purple monsignori had all disappeared under the sacred portals, we directed our attention to the crowd rolling round us, where the variety and picturesqueness of costume, and the great beauty of the men and women of the lower classes, and the peasants who had come into Rome for the celebration, kept our attention perpetually alive and interested ; from time to time we looked to the great window above the middle portal of the church, but the dark crimson balcony and alcove were filled only with choristers, and every now and then a cardinal appeared and looked down on the vast assembly which was every moment growing more numerous. At length the clerical subalterns were seen to arrange themselves in ceremonious order ; huge wax tapers, carried by white-robed priests, came slanting forwards in the dark recess ; pre-

sently the white peacock fans were seen, and the Pope was borne to the front of the balcony : immediately profound silence filled the whole wide expanse ; the crowd suddenly ceased to move, to speak, it almost seemed to breathe ; and the choristers began chanting a few bars, during which the stillness became absolutely perfect ; then the Pope rose up, robed all in white, under that crimson dome, and, thus lifted above all heads, looking like some colossal statue, he chanted with a loud sonorous voice, that resounded over the kneeling crowd, his invocation of the Trinity, and spreading wide his arms showered down his benediction upon the city and the world, to which the people responded with an amen of acclamations, amid which their sovereign was borne back from their sight. I am persuaded that this must be a finer thing than even the benediction from St. Peter ; for St. John Lateran is a beautiful church, and standing close to the walls of Rome—looks over them, the broken arches of the aqueducts, the campagna, and the Sabine and Alban mountains.

On Monday the 7th of December, I went to the fountain of Trevi—for those who drink of its sweet waters return, it is said, to Rome. It was a dark and gloomy day, and raining fast ; but I knelt, nevertheless, upon the edge of the beautiful fountain to drink to my return.

DEPARTING.

Pour we libations to the father, Jove,
And bid him watch propitious o'er our way ;
Pile on the household altar fragrant wreaths,
And to th' auspicious Lares bid farewell,
Beneath whose guardianship we have abode.
Blest be the threshold over which we pass,
Turning again, with hands devout uplifted ;
Blest be the roof-tree, and the hearth it shelters ;
Blest be the going forth and coming home
Of those who dwell here ; blest their rising up,
And blest their lying down to holy slumber ;

Blest be the married love, sacred and chaste ;
Blest be the children's head, the mother's heart,
The father's hope. Reach down the wanderer's
staff,—

Tie on the sandals on the traveller's feet :
The wan-eyed morn weeps in the watery east :
Gird up the loins, and let us now depart.

♦

On Thursday, the 8th of December, I left
Rome.

THE END.

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